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*The Three Fates.*¹

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'DR. CLAUDIUS,' &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

GEORGE had never been inside Mr. Craik's house, and the first impression made upon him by the sight of the old gentleman's collected spoil was a singular one. The sight of beautiful objects had always given him pleasure, but, on the other hand, his mind resented and abhorred alike disorder and senseless profusion. He had no touch in his composition of that modern taste which delights in producing a certain tone of colour in a room, by filling it with all sorts of heterogeneous and useless articles, of all periods and collected out of all countries. It was not sufficient in his eyes that an object should be of great value, or of great beauty, or that it should possess both at once; it was necessary also that it should be so placed as to acquire a right to its position and to its surroundings. A Turkish tile, a Spanish-Moorish dish, an Italian embroidery, and an old picture might harmonise very well with each other in colour and in general effect, but George Wood's uncultivated taste failed to see why they should all be placed together, side by side upon the same wall, any more than why a periwig should be set upon a soup-tureen, as Johnson had remarked. He felt from the moment he entered the house as if he were in a bazaar of bric-à-brac, where everything was put up for sale, and in which each object must

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have somewhere a label tied or pasted to it, upon which letters and figures mysteriously shadowed forth its variable price to the purchaser, while accurately defining its value to the vendor.

It must not be supposed, however, that because George Wood did not like the look of the room in which he found himself, it would not have been admired and appreciated by many persons of unquestioned good taste. The value there accumulated was very great; there was much that was exceedingly rare and of exquisite design and workmanship, and the vulgarity of the effect, if there were any, was of the more subtle and tolerable kind.

George stood in the midst of the chamber, hat in hand, waiting for the owner of the collection to appear. A door made of panels of thin alabaster set in rich old gilt carvings was opposite to him, and he was wondering whether the light actually penetrated the delicate marble as it seemed to do, when the chiselled handle turned and the door itself moved noiselessly on its hinges. Thomas Craik entered the room.

The old gentleman's head seemed to have fallen forward upon his shoulders, so that he was obliged to look sideways and upwards in order to see anything above the level of his eyes. Otherwise he did not present so decrepit an appearance as George had expected. His step was sufficiently brisk, and though his voice was little better than a growl, it was not by any means weak. He was clothed in light-coloured tweed garments of the newest cut, and he wore a red tie and shoes of varnished leather. The corner of a pink silk handkerchief was just visible above the outer pocket of his coat, and he emanated a perfume which seemed to be combined out of Cologne water and Russian leather.

'Official visit, eh?' he said with an attempt at a pleasant smile. 'Glad to see you. Sorry you have waited so long before coming. Take a seat.'

'Thanks,' answered George, sitting down. 'I am glad to see that you are quite yourself again, Mr. Craik.'

'Quite myself, eh? Never was anybody else long enough to know what it felt like. But I have not forgotten that you came to ask—no, no, I remember that. Going to marry Mamie, eh? Glad to hear it. Well, well.'

Thomas Craik rubbed his emaciated hands slowly together and looked sideways at his visitor.

'Yes,' said George, 'I am going to marry Miss Trimm—'

'Call her Mamie, call her Mamie—own niece of mine, you know. No use standing on ceremony.'

'I think it is as well to call her Miss Trimm until we are married,' George observed, rather coldly.

'Oh, you think so, do you? Well, well. Not to her face, I hope?'

George thought that Mr. Craik was one of the most particularly odious old gentlemen he had ever met. He changed the subject as quickly as he could.

'What a wonderful collection of beautiful things you have, Mr. Craik,' he said, glancing at a set of Urbino dishes that were fastened against the wall nearest to him.

'Something, something,' replied Mr. Craik, modestly. 'Fond of pretty things? Understand majolica?'

'I am very fond of pretty things, but I know nothing about majolica. I believe the subject needs immense study. They say you are a great authority on all these things.'

'Oh, they say so, do they? Well, well. Books are more in your line, eh? Some in the other room, if you like to see them. Come?'

'Yes, indeed!' George answered with alacrity. He thought that if he must sustain the conversation for five minutes longer, it would be a relief to be among things he understood. Tom Craik rose and led the way through the alabaster door by which he had entered. George found himself in a spacious apartment, consisting of two rooms which had been thrown into one by building an arch in the place of the former wall of division. There were no windows, but each division was lighted by a large skylight of stained glass, supported on old Bohemian iron-work. To the height of six feet from the floor, the walls were lined with bookcases, the books being protected by glass. Above these the walls were completely covered with tapestries, stuffs, weapons, old plates and similar objects.

'Favourite room of mine,' remarked Mr. Craik, backing up to the great wood fire, and looking about him with side glances, first to the right and then to the left. 'Look about you, look about you. A lot of books in those shelves, eh? Well, well. About three thousand. Not many but good and good, as books should be, inside and out. Eh? Like that?'

'Yes,' said George, moving slowly round the room, stooping and then standing erect, as he glanced rapidly at the titles of the long rows of volumes. The born man of letters warmed at the sight of the familiar names and felt less inimically inclined towards the master of the house.

'I envy you such books to read and such a place in which to read them,' he said at last.

'I believe you do,' answered Mr. Craik, looking pleased. 'You look as if you did. Well, well. May be all yours some day.'

'How so?' George inquired, growing suddenly cold and looking sharply at the old man.

'May leave everything to Totty. Totty may leave everything to Mamie. Fact is, any station may be the last. May have to hand in my checks at any time. Funny world, isn't it? Eh?'

'A very humorous and comic world, as you say,' George answered, looking at the old man with a rather scornful twist of his naturally scornful mouth.

'Humorous and comic? I say, funny. It's shorter. What would you do if you owned this house?'

'I would sell it,' George answered with a dry laugh—'sell it, except the books, and live on the interest of the proceeds.'

'And you would do a very sensible thing, Mr. George Winton Wood,' returned Tom Craik approvingly. All at once he dropped his detached manner of speaking and grew eloquent. 'You would be doing a very sensible thing. A man of your age can have no manner of use for all this rubbish. If you ever mean to be a collector, reserve that expensive taste for the time when you have plenty of money, but can neither eat, drink, sleep, make love nor be merry in any way—no, nor write novels either. The pleasure does not consist in possessing things, it lies in finding them, bargaining for them, fighting for them and ultimately getting them. It is the same with money, but there is more variety in collecting, to my mind, at least. It is the same with everything, money, love, politics, collecting; it is only the fighting for what you want that is agreeably exciting. It has kept me alive, with my wretched constitution, when the doctors have been thinking of sending for the person in black who carries a tape measure. I never had any ambition. I never cared for anything but the fighting. I never cared to be first, second, or third. I do not believe that your ambitious man ever succeeds in life. He thinks so much about himself that he forgets what he is fighting for. You can easily make a fool of an ambitious man by offering him a bait, and you may take the thing you want while he is chasing the phantom of glory on the other side of the house. I hope you are not ambitious. You have begun as if you were not, and you have knocked all the stuffing out of the rag dolls the critics put up to frighten young authors. I have read a good deal in my

day, and I have seen a good deal, and I have taken a great many things I have wanted. I know men, and I know something about books. You ought to succeed, for you go about your work as though you liked it for the sake of overcoming difficulties, for the sake of fighting your subject and getting the better of it. Stick to that principle. It prolongs life. Pick out the hardest thing there is to be done, and go at it, hammer and tongs, by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul. If you cannot do it after all, nobody need be the wiser; if you succeed everyone will cry out in admiration of your industry and genius, when you have really only been amusing yourself all the time—because nothing can be more amusing than fighting. You are quite right. Ambition is nonsense and the satisfaction of possession is bosh. The only pleasure is in doing and getting. If, in the inscrutable ways of destiny, you ever own this house, sell it; and when you are old, and crooked, and cannot write any more, and people think you are a drivelling idiot and are sitting in rows outside your door, waiting for dead men's shoes—why then, you can prolong your life by collecting something, as I have done. The desire to get the better of a Jew dealer in a bargain for a Maestro Giorgio, or the determination to find the edition which has been heard of but never seen, will make your blood circulate and your heart beat, and your brain work. I have half a mind to sell the whole thing myself for the sake of doing it all over again, and keeping somebody waiting ten years longer for the money. I might last ten years more if I could hit upon something new to collect.'

The old man ceased speaking and looked up sideways at George, with a keen smile, very unlike the expression he assumed when he meant to be agreeable. Then he relapsed into his usual way of talking, jerking out short sentences and generally omitting the subject or the verb, when he did not omit both. It is possible that he had delivered his oration for the sake of showing George that he could speak English as well as anyone when he chose to do so.

'Like my little speech? Eh?' he inquired.

'I shall not forget it,' George answered. 'Your ideas cannot be accused of being stale or old fashioned, whatever else may be said of them.'

'Put them into a book, will you? Well, well. Dare say printer's ink has been wasted on worse—sometimes.'

George did not care to prolong his visit beyond the bounds of strict civility, though he had been somewhat diverted by his relation's talk. He asked a few questions about the books and

discovered that Tom Craik was by no means the unreading edition-hunter he had supposed him to be. If he had not read all the three thousand choice volumes he possessed, he had at least a very clear idea of the contents of most of them.

'Buying an author and not reading him,' he said, 'is like buying a pig in a poke, and then not even looking at the pig afterwards. Eh?'

'Very like,' George answered with a short laugh. Then he took his leave. The old man went with him as far as the door that led out of the room in which they had first met.

'Come again,' he said. 'Rather afraid of draughts, so I leave you here. Good day to you.'

George took the thin hand that was thrust out at him and shook it with somewhat less repulsion than he had felt a quarter of an hour earlier. The sight of the books had softened his heart a little, as it often softens the enmities of literary men when they least expect it. He turned away and left the house, wondering whether, after all, old Tom Craik had not been judged more harshly than he deserved. The man of letters is slow to anger against those who show any genuine fondness for his profession.

He walked down the avenue, thinking over what he had seen and heard. It chanced that after walking some time he stepped aside to allow certain ladies to pass him, and on looking round saw that he was in the door of Mr. Popple's establishment. A thought struck him and he went in.

'Mr. Popples——'

'Good morning, Mr. Winton Wood——' Mr. Popples thought that the two names sounded better together.

'Good morning, Mr. Popples. I want to ask you a confidential question.' George laughed a little.

'Anything, Mr. Winton Wood. Something in regard to the sales, no doubt. Well, in point of fact, sir, it is just as well to ask now and then how a book is going, just for the sake of checking the statement as we say, though I will say that Rob Roy and Company——'

'No, no,' George interrupted with a second laugh. 'They treat me very well. You know Mr. Craik, do you not?'

'Mr. Craik!' exclaimed the bookseller, with a beaming smile. 'Why, dear me! Mr. Craik is your first cousin once removed, Mr. Winton Wood! Of course I know him.' He prided himself on knowing the exact degree of relationship existing between his different customers, which was equivalent to knowing by heart the genealogy of all New York society.

'You are a subtle flatterer,' George answered. 'You pretend to know him only because he is my cousin.'

'A great collector,' returned the other, drawing down the corners of his mouth and turning up his eyes as though he were contemplating an object of solemn beauty. 'A great collector! He knows what a book is, old or new. He knows, he knows—oh yes, he knows very well.'

'What I want to know is this,' said George. 'Does Mr. Craik buy my books or not? Do you happen to remember?'

'Well, Mr. Winton Wood,' answered Mr. Popples, 'the fact is, I do happen to remember, by the merest chance. The fact is, to be honest, quite honest, Mr. Craik does not buy your books. But he reads them.'

'Borrows them, I suppose,' observed George.

'Well, not that exactly, either. The fact is,' said the bookseller, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, 'Mrs. Sherrington Trimm buys them and sends them to him. He buys mostly valuable books,' he added, as though apologising for Mr. Craik's stinginess.

'Thank you, Mr. Popples,' said George, laughing for the third time, and turning away.

'Oh, not at all, Mr. Winton Wood. Anything, anything. Walking this mor——'

But George was already out of the shop, and the bookseller did not take the trouble to pronounce the last syllable, as he readjusted his large spectacles and took up three or four volumes that lay on the edge of the table.

'It cannot be said,' George thought, as he walked on, 'that I am very much indebted to Mr. Thomas Craik—not even for ten per cent. on one dollar and twenty-five.'

George would have been very much surprised to learn that the man who would not spend a dollar and a quarter in purchasing one of his novels had left him everything he possessed, and that the document which was to prove his right was reposing in that Indian cabinet of Mrs. Trimm's, which he had so often admired. It seemed as though Totty had planned everything to earn his gratitude, and he was especially pleased that she should have made her miserly brother read his books. It showed at once her own admiration for them and her desire that every one belonging to her should share in it.

Having nothing especial to do until a later hour, George thought of going to see Constance and Grace. They had only been in town two days, but he was curious to know whether Mrs. Bond

had begun to look like herself again, or was becoming more and more absorbed in her sorrow as time went on. He had not been to the house in Washington Square since the first of May, and so many events had occurred in his life since that date that he felt as though he were separated from it by an interval of years instead of months. The time had passed very quickly. It would soon be three years since he had first gone up those steps with his cousin one afternoon in the late winter. As he approached the familiar door, he thought of all that had happened in the time, and he was amazed to find how he had changed. Six months earlier he had descended those steps with the certainty that the better and sweeter part of his life was behind him, and that his happiness had been destroyed by a woman's caprice. It had been a rough lesson, but he had survived the ordeal, and was now a happier man than he had been then. In the flush of success, he was engaged to marry a young girl who had loved him with all her heart, and whom he loved as well as he could. The world was before him now, as it had not been then, when he had felt himself dependent for his inspiration upon Constance's attachment, and for the help he needed upon his daily converse with her. If his heart was not satisfied as he had once dreamed that it might be, his hopes were raised by the experience of self-reliance. It had once seemed bitter to work alone; he had now ceased to desire any companionship in his labours. Mamie was to be his wife, not his adviser. She was to look up to him, and he must make himself worthy of her trust as well as of her admiration. He would work for her, labour to make her happy, to the extreme extent of his strength, and he would be proud of the part he would play. She would be the mother of children, graceful and charming as herself, or angular, tough and hard-working as he was, and he and she would love them. But there the relation was to cease, and he was glad of it. He owed much to Constance, and was ready to acknowledge the whole debt, but neither Constance herself nor any other woman could take the same place in his life again. Least of all, she herself, he thought, as he rang the bell of her house and waited for admittance. In the old days his heart used to beat faster than its wont before he was fairly within the precincts of the Square. Now he was as unconscious of any emotion as though he were standing before his own door.

Grace received him alone in the old familiar drawing-room. She happened to be sitting in the place Constance used to choose

when George came to see her, and he took his accustomed seat, almost unconscious of the associations it had once had for him.

'Constance is gone out,' Grace began. 'I am sure she will be sorry. It is kind of you to come so soon.'

'You are no better,' George answered, looking at her, and not heeding her remark. 'I had hoped that you might be, but your expression is the same. Why do you not go abroad, and make some great change in your life?'

'I am very well,' Grace replied with a faint smile which only increased the sadness of her look. 'I do not care to go away. Why should I? It could make no difference.'

'But it would. It would make all the difference in the world. Your sorrow is in everything, in all you see, in all you hear, in every familiar impression of your life—even in me and the sight of me.'

'You are mistaken. It is here.' She pressed her hand to her breast with a gesture almost fierce, and fixed her deep brown eyes on George's face for an instant. Then she let her arm fall beside her and looked away. 'The worst of it is that I am so strong,' she added presently. 'I shall never break down. I shall live to be an old woman.'

'Yes,' George answered, thoughtfully, 'I believe that you will. I can understand that. I fancy that you and I are somewhat alike. There are people who are unhappy, and who fade away and go out like a lamp without oil. They are said to die of broken hearts, though they have not felt half as much happiness or sorrow as some tougher man and woman who live through a lifetime of despair and disappointment.'

'Are you very happy?' Grace asked rather suddenly.

'Yes, I am very happy. I suppose I have reason to be. Everything has gone well with me of late. I have had plenty of success with what I have done, I am engaged to be married—'

'That is what I mean,' said Grace, interrupting him. 'Are you happy in that? I suppose I have no right to ask such a question, but I cannot help asking it. You ought to be, for you two are very well matched. Do you know? It is a very fortunate thing that Constance refused you. You did not really love her any more than she loved you.'

'What makes you say that?'

'If you were really in love, your love died a rather easy death. That is all.'

‘That is true,’ George answered, smiling in spite of himself.

‘Do you remember the first of May as well as you did three months ago? Perhaps. I do not say that you have forgotten it altogether. When I told you her decision, you did not act like a man who has received a terrible blow. You were furiously, outrageously angry. You wished that I had been a man, that you might have struck me.’

‘I believed that I had cause to be angry. Besides, I have extraordinary natural gifts in that direction.’

‘Of course you had cause. But if you had loved her, as some people love, you would have forgotten to be angry for once in your life, and you would have behaved very differently.’

‘I dare say you are right. As I came here to-day I was thinking over it all. You know I have not been here since that day. In old times I could feel my heart beating faster as I came near the house, and when I rang the bell my hand used to tremble. To-day I walked here as coolly as though I had been going home; and when I was at the door I was much more concerned to know whether you were better than to know whether your sister was in the house or not. Such is the instability of the human heart.’

‘Yes, when there is no real love in it,’ Grace answered. ‘And the strongest proof that there was none in yours is that you are willing to own it. What made you think that you were so fond of her? How came you to make such a mistake?’

‘I cannot tell. I would not talk to any one else as I am talking to you. But we understand each other. She is your sister, and you never believed in our marriage. It began very gradually. Any man would fall in love with her, if he had the chance. She was interested in me. She was kind to me; when I got little kindness from any one—’

‘And none at all from me, poor man!’ interrupted Grace.

‘Especially none from you. It was she who always urged me to write a book, though I did not believe I could; it was to her that I read my first novel from beginning to end. It was she who seized upon it and got it published in spite of my protests; it was she who launched me and made my first success what it was. I owe her very much more than I could ever hope to repay, if I possessed any means of showing my gratitude. I loved her for her kindness, and she liked me for my devotion, perhaps for my submission, for I was very submissive in those days. I had not learned to run alone, and if she would have had me I would have walked in her leading-strings to the end of my life.’

'How touching!' exclaimed Grace, and the first genuine laughter of which she had been capable for three months followed the words.

'No, do not laugh,' said George gravely. 'I owe her everything and I know it. Most of all, I owe her the most loyal friendship and sincere gratitude that a man can feel for any woman he does not love. It is all over now. I never felt any emotion at meeting her since we parted after that abominable dinner-party, and I shall never feel any again; I am sure of that.'

'I am sorry I laughed. I could not help it. But I am very glad that things have ended in this way, though, as I told you when I last saw you, I wish she would marry. She has grown to be the most listless, unhappy creature in the world.'

'What can be the matter?' George asked. 'Is it not the life you are leading together? You are so lonely.'

'I came back on her account,' Grace answered wearily. 'For my own sake I would never have left that dear place again. I have told her that I will do anything she pleases, go anywhere, live in any other way. It can make no difference to me. But she will not hear of leaving New York. I cannot mention it to her. She grows thinner every day.'

'It is very strange. I am very sorry to hear it.'

They talked together for some time longer, and then George went away, inwardly wondering at his own conduct in having spoken of Constance so freely to her sister. It was not unnatural, however. Grace treated him as an old friend, and circumstances had suddenly brought the two into relations of close intimacy. As she had been chosen by Constance to convey the latter's refusal, it might well be supposed that she was in her sister's confidence, and George had said nothing which he was not willing that Grace should repeat. He had not been gone more than half an hour when Constance entered the room, looking pale and tired.

'I have been everywhere to find a wedding present for the future Mrs. Wood,' she said, as she let herself sink down upon the sofa. 'I can find nothing, positively nothing that will do.'

'He has just been here,' said Grace indifferently.

Constance changed colour and glanced quickly at her sister. She looked as though she had checked herself in the act of saying something which she might have regretted.

'What did you talk about?' she asked quietly, after a moment's pause. 'I wish I had been here. I have not seen him since he came to announce his engagement.'

months and go away each time feeling that his visit has been too short. Neither animated conversation nor frequent correspondence have any right to be considered as tests of love. Love is not to be measured by the fluent use of words, nor by an easy acquaintance with agreeable topics, nor yet by lavish expenditure in postage-stamps. George knew all this, and was moreover aware in his heart that there was nothing desperately passionate in his affection; he was the more surprised, therefore, to find that the more he saw of Mamie Trimm, the more he wished to see of her.

‘Do you think,’ he said to her, on that same afternoon in November, ‘that all engaged couples enjoy their engagement as much as we do?’

‘I am sure they do not,’ Mamie answered. ‘Nobody is half as nice as we are!’

They were seated in a small boudoir that adjoined the drawing-room. The wide door was open and they could hear the pleasant crackling of the first wood fire that was burning in the larger room, though they could not see it. The air without was gloomy and grey, for the late Indian summer was over, and before long the first frosts would come and the first flakes of snow would be driven along the dry and windy streets. It was early in the afternoon, however, and though the light was cold and colourless and hard, there was plenty of it. Mamie was established in a short but very deep sofa, something resembling a divan, one small foot just touching the carpet, the other hidden from view, her head thrown back and resting against the tapestry upon the wall, one arm resting upon the head of the lounge, the little classic hand hanging over the edge, so near to George that he had but to put out his own in order to touch it. He was seated with his back to the door of the drawing-room, clasping his hands over one knee and leaning forward as he gazed at the window opposite. He smiled at Mamie’s answer.

‘No, I am sure other people do not enjoy sitting together and talking during half the day, as we do,’ he said. ‘I have often thought so. It is you who make our life what it is. It will always be you, with your dear ways——’

He stopped, seeking an expression which he could not find immediately.

‘Have I dear ways?’ Mamie asked with a little laugh. ‘I never knew it before—but since you say so——’

‘It is only those who love us that know the best of us. We never know it ourselves.’

'Do you love me, George?' The question was put to him for the thousandth time. To her it seemed always new and the answer was always full of interest, as though it had never been given before.

'Very dearly.' George laid his hand upon her slender fingers and pressed them softly. He had abandoned the attempt to give her an original reply at each repetition of the inquiry.

'Is that all?' she asked, pretending to be disappointed, but smiling with her grey eyes.

'Can a man say more and mean it?' George inquired gravely. Then he laughed. 'The other day,' he continued, 'I was in a train on the Elevated Road. There was a young couple opposite to me—the woman was a little round fat creature with a perpetual smile, pretty teeth, and dressed in grey. They were talking in low tones, but I heard what they said. Baby language was evidently their strong point. He turned his head towards her with the most languishing lover-like look I ever saw. "Plumpety itty partidge, who does 'oo love?" he asked. "Zoo!" answered the little woman with a smile that went all round her head like the equator on a globe.'

Mamie laughed as he finished the story.

'That represented their idea of conversation, what you call "dear ways." My dear ways are not much like that, and yours are quite different. When I ask you if you love me, you almost always give the same answer. But then, I know you mean it, dear, do you not?'

'There it is again!' George laughed. 'Of course I do—only, as you say, my imagination is limited. I cannot find new ways of saying it. But then, you do not vary the question either, so that it is no wonder if my answers are a little monotonous, is it?'

'Are my questions monotonous? Do I bore you with them, George?'

'No, dear. I should be very hard to please if you bored me. It is your charm that makes our life what it is.'

'I wish I believed that. What is charm? What do you mean by it? It is not an intellectual gift, it is not a quality, a talent, nor accomplishment. I believe you tell me that I have it because you do not know what else to say. It is so easy to say to a woman "You are full of charm," when she is ugly and stupid and cannot play on the piano, and you feel obliged to be civil. I am sure that there is no such thing as charm. It is only an imaginary compliment. Why not tell me the truth?'

'You are neither ugly nor stupid, and I am sincerely glad that you leave the piano alone,' said George. 'I could find any number of compliments to make, if that were my way. But it is not, of course. You have lots of good points, Mamie. Look at yourself in the glass if you do not believe it. Look at your figure, look at your eyes, at your complexion, at your hands—listen to your own voice——'

'Do not talk nonsense, George. Besides, that is only a catalogue. If you want to please me you must compare all those things to beautiful objects. You must say that my eyes are like—gooseberries, for instance, my figure like—what shall I say?'

'Like *Psyche's*,' suggested George.

'Or like an hour-glass, and my hands like stuffed gloves, and my skin like a corn starch pudding, and my voice like the voice of the charmer. That is the way to be complimentary. Poetry must make use of similes and call a spade an ace—as papa says. When you have done all that, and turned your catalogue into blank verse, tell me if there is anything left which you can call charm.'

'Charm,' George answered, 'is what every man who loves a woman thinks she has—and if she has it all men love her. You have it.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the young girl. 'Can you get no nearer to a definition than that?'

'Can you define anything which you only feel and cannot see—heat for instance, or cold?'

'Heat makes one hot, and cold makes one shiver,' answered Mamie promptly.

'And charm makes a woman loved. That is as good an answer as yours.'

'I suppose I must be satisfied, especially as you say that it can only be felt and not seen. Besides, if it makes you love me, why should I care what it is called? Do you know what it really is? It is love itself. It is because I love you so much, so intensely, that I make you love me. There is no such thing as charm. Charm is either a woman's love, or her readiness to love—one or the other.'

Mamie laughed softly and moved the hand that was hanging over the end of the sofa, as though seeking the touch of George's fingers. He obeyed the little signal quite unconsciously.

'Who can that be?' Mamie asked, after a moment's pause.

She thought that she had heard a door open and that someone had entered the drawing-room. George listened a few seconds.

'Nobody,' he said. 'It was only the fire.'

While the two had been talking, someone had really entered the large adjoining room as Mamie had suspected. Thomas Craik was not in the habit of making visits in the afternoon, but on this particular day he had found the process of being driven about in a closed brougham more wearisome than usual, and it had struck him that he might find Totty at home and amuse himself with teasing her in some way or other. Totty was expected every moment, the servant had said, and the discreet attendant had added that Mr. George and Miss Mamie were in the boudoir together. Mr. Craik said that he would wait in the drawing-room, to which he was accordingly admitted. He knew the arrangement of the apartment and took care not to disturb the peace of the young couple by making any noise. It would be extremely entertaining, he thought, to place himself so as to hear something of what they said to each other; he therefore stepped softly upon the thick carpet and took up what he believed to be a favourable position. His hearing was still as sharp as ever, and he did not go too near the door of the inner room lest Totty, entering suddenly, should suppose that he had been listening.

'So you think that I only love you because you love me,' said George. 'You are not very complimentary to yourself.'

'I did not say that, though that was the beginning. You would never have begun to love me—George, I am sure there is someone in the next room!'

'It is impossible. Your mother would have come directly to us, and the servants would not have let any caller go in while she was out. Shall I look?'

'No—you are quite right,' Mamie answered. 'It is only the crackling of the fire.' She was holding his hand and did not care to let it drop in order that he might satisfy her curiosity. 'What was I saying?'

'Something very foolish—about my not loving you.'

Thomas Craik listened for a while to their conversation, eagerly at first and then with an expression of weariness on his parchment face. He had been afraid to sit down, for fear of making a noise, and he found himself standing before a table, on which, among many other objects, was placed the small Indian cabinet he had once given to his sister. Many years had passed since he had sent it to her, but his keen memory for details had not forgotten the

secret drawer it contained, nor the way to open it. He looked at it for some time curiously, wondering whether Totty kept anything of value in it. Then it struck him that if she really kept anything concealed there, it would be an excellent practical joke to take out the object, whatever it might be, and carry it off. The idea was in accordance with that part of his character which loved secret and underhand dealings. The scene which would ensue when he ultimately brought the thing back would answer the other half of his nature which delighted in inflicting brutal and gratuitous surprises upon people he did not like. He laid his thin hands gently on the cabinet and proceeded to open it as noiselessly as he could.

Mamie's sharp ears were not deceived this time, however. She bent forward and whispered to George.

'There is somebody there. Go on tiptoe and look from behind the curtain. Do not let them see you, or we shall have to go in, and that would be such a bore.'

George obeyed in silence, stood a moment peering into the next room, concealed by the hangings, and then returned to Mamie's side. 'It is your Uncle Tom,' he whispered with a smile. 'He is in some mischief, I am sure, for he is opening that Indian cabinet as though he did not want to be heard.'

'I will tell mamma, when she comes in—what fun it will be!' Mamie answered. 'He must have heard us before, so that we must go on talking—about the weather.' Then raising her voice she began to speak of their future plans.

Meanwhile Mr. Craik had slipped back the part of the cover which concealed the secret drawer, and had opened the latter. There was nothing in it but the document which Totty kept there. He quickly took it out and closed the cabinet again. Something in the appearance of the paper attracted his attention, and instead of putting it into his pocket to read at home and at his leisure, as he had intended to do, he unfolded it and glanced at the contents.

He had always been a man able to control his anger, unless there was something to be gained by manifesting it, but his rage was now far too genuine to be concealed. The veins swelled and became visible beneath the tightly drawn skin of his forehead, his mouth worked spasmodically, and his hands trembled with fury as he held the sheet before his eyes, satisfying himself that it was the genuine document and not a forgery containing provisions different from those he had made in his own will. As soon as he felt no further doubt about the matter, he gave vent to his wrath

in a storm of curses, stamping up and down the room, and swinging his long arms as he moved, still holding the paper in one hand.

Mamie turned pale and grasped George by the arm. He would have risen to go into the next room, but she held him back with all her strength.

'No—stay here!' she said in a low tone. 'You can do no good. He knew we were here—something must have happened! Oh, George, what is it?'

'If you will let me go and see——'

But at that moment it became evident to both that Tom Craik was no longer alone. Totty had entered the drawing-room. As the servant had said, she had been expected every moment. Her brother turned upon her furiously, brandishing the will and cursing louder than before. In his extreme anger he was able to lift up his head and look her in the eyes.

'You damned infernal witch!' he shouted. 'You abominable woman! You thief! You swindler! You——'

'Help! help!' screamed Totty. 'He is mad—he means to kill me!'

'I am not mad, you wretch!' yelled Tom Craik, pursuing her and catching her with one hand while he shook the will in her face with the other. 'Look at that—look at it! My will, here in your keeping, without so much as a piece of paper or a seal to hold it—you thief! You have broken into your husband's office, you burglar! You have broken open my deed-box—look at it! Do you recognise it? Stand still and answer me, or I will hold you till the police can be got. Do you see? The last will and testament of me Thomas Craik, and not a cent for Charlotte Trimm. Not one cent, and not one shall you get either. He shall have it all—George Winton Wood shall have it all. Ah! I see the reason why you have kept it now. If I had found it gone, you know I would have made it over again! Cheaper, and wiser, and more like you to get him for your daughter—of course it was, you lying, shameless beast!'

'What is the meaning of this?' George asked in ringing tones. He had broken away from Mamie with difficulty, and she had followed him into the room, and now stood clinging to her mother. George pushed Tom Craik back a little and placed himself between him and Totty, who was livid with terror and seemed unable to speak a word. The sudden appearance of George's tall, angular figure, and the look of resolution in his dark face brought Tom Craik to his senses.

'You want to know the meaning of it,' he said. 'Quite right. You shall. When I was dying, nearly three years ago, I made a will in your favour. I left you everything I have in the world. Why? Because I pleased. This woman thought she was to have my money. Oh, you might have had it, if you had been less infernally greedy,' he cried, turning to Totty. 'This will was deposited in my deed-box at Sherry Trimm's office. Saw it there, on the top of the papers, with my own eyes the last time I went; and Sherry was in Europe then. So you took it, and no one else. Poor Bond did not, though as he is dead you will say he did. It will not help you. So you laid your trap—oh, yes! I know those tricks of yours. You broke off George Wood's marriage with the girl he loved, and you laid your trap—very nicely done, very. You gave him Sherry's wines and Sherry's cigars to make him come. I know all about it. I was watching you. And you made him come and spend the summer up the river—so nice, and luxurious, and quiet for a poor young author. And you told nobody he was there—not you! I can see it all now—the moon-light walks, and the rides and the boating, and Totty indoors with a headache, or writing letters. It was easy to get Sherry's consent when it was all arranged, was it not? Devilish easy. Sherry is an honest man—I know men—but he knew on which side his daughter's bread was buttered, for he had drawn up the will himself. He did not mind if George Winton Wood, the poor author, fell in love with his daughter, any more than his magnanimous wife was disturbed by the prospect. Not a bit. The starving author was to have millions—millions, woman!—as soon as the old brother was nailed up and trundled off to Greenwood! And he shall have them too. It only remains to be seen whether he will have your daughter.'

Craik paused for breath, though his invalid form was as invigorated by his extreme anger as to make it appear that he might go on indefinitely in the same strain. As for George, he was at first too much amazed by the story to believe his ears. He thought Craik was mad, and yet the presence of the will which the old man repeatedly thrust before his eyes, and in which he could not help seeing his own name written in the lawyer's large clear hand, told him that there was a broad foundation of truth in the tale.

'Defend yourself, Totty,' he said as quietly as he could. 'Tell him that this story is absurd. I think Mr. Craik is not well——'

'Not well, young man?' Craik asked, looking up at him with

a bitter laugh. 'I am as well as you. Here is my will. There is the cabinet. And there is Charlotte Sherrington Trimm. Send for her husband. Ask him if it is not a good case for a jury. You may be in love with the girl, and she may be in love with you, for all I know. But you have been made to fall in love with each other by that scheming old woman there. The only way she could get the money into the family was through you. She is lawyer enough to know that there may be a duplicate somewhere, and that I should make one fast enough if there were not. Besides, to burn a will means the State's prison, and she wants to avoid that place, if she can.'

The possibility and the probability that the whole story might be true flashed suddenly upon George's mind, and he turned very pale. The recollection of Totty's amazing desire to please him was still fresh in his mind, and he remembered how very unexpected it had all seemed—the standing invitation to the house, the extreme anxiety to draw him to the country, the reckless way in which Totty had left him alone with her daughter, Totty's manner on that night when she had persuaded him to offer himself to Mamie—the result, and the cable message she had shown him, ready prepared, and taking for granted her husband's consent. By this time Totty had sunk into a chair and was sobbing helplessly, covering her face with her hands and handkerchief. George walked up to her, while old Tom Craik kept at his elbow, as though fearing that he might prove too easily forgiving.

'How long have you known the contents of that will?' George asked steadily, and still trying to speak kindly.

'Since—the end—of April,' Totty sobbed. She felt it impossible to lie, for her brother's eyes were fixed on her face and she was frightened.

'You did, did you? Well, well, that ought to settle it,' said Craik, breaking into a savage laugh. 'I fancy it must have been about that time that she began to like you so much,' he added, looking at George.

'About the first of May,' George answered coldly. 'I remember that on that day I met you in the street and you begged me to go and see Mamie, who was alone.'

'I like men who remember dates,' chuckled the old man at his elbow.

'I have been very much deceived,' said George. 'I believed that it was for myself. It was for money. I have nothing more to say.'

'You have not asked me whether I knew anything,' said Mamie, coming before him. Her alabaster skin was deadly white and her grey eyes were on fire.

'Your mother knows you too well to have told you,' George answered very kindly. 'I have promised to marry you. I do not suspect you, but I would not break my word to you, even if I thought that you had known.'

'It is for me to break my word,' answered the young girl proudly. 'No power on earth shall make me marry you, now.'

Her lips were tightly pressed to her teeth as she spoke, and she held her head high, though her eyes rested lovingly on his face.

'Why will you not marry me, Mamie?' George asked. He knew now that he had never loved her.

'I have had shame already,' she answered. 'Shame in being thrust upon you, shame in having thrust myself upon you—though not for your money. You never knew. You asked me once how I knew your moods, and when you wanted me and when you would choose to be alone. Ask her, ask my mother. She is wiser than I. She could tell from your face, long before I could, what you wished—and we had signals and signs and passwords, she and I, so that she could help me with her advice, and teach me how to make myself wanted by the man I loved. Am I not contemptible? And when I told you that I loved you—and then made you believe that I was only acting, because there was no response—shame? I have lived with it, fed on it, dreamed of it, and to-day is the crown of all—my crown of shame. Marry you? I would rather die!'

'Whatever others may have done, you have always been brave and true, Mamie,' said George. 'It may be better that we should not marry, but there has been no shame for you in this matter.'

'I am not so sure,' said Tom Craik with a chuckle and an ugly smile. 'She is cleverer than she looks——'

George turned upon the old man with the utmost violence.

'Sir!' he cried savagely. 'If you say that again I will break your miserable old bones, if I hang for it!'

'Like that fellow,' muttered Craik with a more pleasant expression than he had yet worn. 'Like him more and more.'

'I do not want to be liked by you, and you know why,' George answered, for he had caught the words.

'Oh, you don't, don't you? Well, well. Never mind.'

'No, I do not. And what is more, I will tell you something, Mr. Craik. When you were ill and I called to inquire, I came

because I hoped to learn that you were dead. That may explain what I feel for you. I have not had a favourable opportunity of explaining the matter before, or I would have done so.'

'Good again!' replied the old gentleman. 'Like frankness in young people. Eh, Totty? Eh, Mamie? Very frank young man this, eh?'

'Furthermore, Mr. Craik,' continued George, not heeding him, 'I will tell you that I will not lift a finger to have your money. I do not want it.'

'Exactly. Never enjoyed such sport in my life as trying to force money on a poor man who won't take it. Good that! What? Eh, Totty? Don't you think this is fun? Poor old Totty—all broken up! Bear these little things better myself.'

Totty was in a fit of hysterics, and neither heard nor heeded, as she lay in the deep chair, sobbing, moaning, and laughing all at once. George eyed her contemptuously.

'Either let us go,' he said to Craik, 'and, if you have exhausted your wit, that would be the best thing; or else let Mrs. Trimm be taken away. I shall not leave you here to torment these ladies.'

'Seat in my carriage? Come along!' answered Mr. Craik with alacrity.

George led Mamie back into the little room beyond. As they went, he could hear the old man beginning to rail at his sister again, but he paid no attention. He felt that he could not leave Mamie without another word. The young girl followed him in silence. They stood together near the window, as far out of hearing as possible. George hesitated.

'What is it, George?' asked Mamie. 'Do you want to say good-bye to me?' She spoke with evident effort.

'I want to say this, dear. If you and I can help it, not a word of what has happened to-day must ever be known. I have been deceived most shamefully, but not by you. You have been honest and true from first to last. The best way to keep this secret is for us two to marry as though nothing had happened. Nobody would believe it then. I am afraid that Mr. Craik will tell some one, because he is so angry.'

'I have told you my decision,' Mamie answered firmly, though her lips were white. 'I have nothing more to say.'

'Think well of what you are doing. One should not come to such decisions when one is angry. Here I am, Mamie. Take me if you will, and forget that all those things have been said and done.'

For one moment, Mamie hesitated.

'Do you love me?' she asked, trying to read his heart in his eyes.

But the poor passion that had taken the place of love was gone. The knowledge that he had been played with and gambled for, though not by the girl herself, had given him a rude shock.

'Yes,' he answered, bravely trying to feel that he was speaking the truth. But there was no life in the word.

'No, dear,' said Mamie simply. 'You never loved me. I see it now.'

He would have made some sort of protest. But she drew back from him, and from his outstretched hand.

'Will you let me be alone?' she asked.

He bowed his head and left the room.

(To be continued.)

The Mastery of Pain.

A Triumph of the Nineteenth Century.

AN ANÆSTHETIC VISION.

‘ I FELT a sense of tangible extension highly pleasurable in every limb ; my visual impressions were dazzling and apparently magnified ; I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees the pleasurable sensations increased ; I lost all connection with external things ; trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas. I theorised ; I imagined I had made discoveries. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a minute I walked about the room perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavoured to recall the ideas ; they were feeble and indistinct. One collection of terms, however, presented itself, and with the most intense belief and prophetic manner I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, “ Nothing exists but thoughts ! The universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains.” About three minutes and a half only had elapsed during this experiment, though the time, as measured by the relative vividness of the recollected ideas, appeared to me to be much longer.’

The vision above related in striking and truthful language conveys a description by the illustrious Sir Humphry Davy of the effects on him of nitrous oxide gas, the gas used now so generally for

rendering tooth-extraction painless—the gas which gave the key to all our methods of modern times for the mastery of pain by the process commonly known in these days as the process of *anæsthesia*. Davy at the time he wrote the sentences above quoted had learned the fact that the gas he was experimenting with had the effect of separating the person who breathed it from the ordinary surrounding world and of rendering him oblivious of common sensibilities. This was a first step, and it led the ardent inquirer to the study of pain and its abolition. It led a poet as well as an experimentalist into further inquiry, for Davy had not been the great man he was but for the true poetic spirit with which he was so richly endowed. He went on his way subjecting himself and many others to the influence of the magical gas, until at last he struck out a direct practical idea in the following words:—‘As nitrous oxide in its extensive operation appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place.’

This sentence, published in the first year of the present century, was the first note announcing *anæsthesia* or the mastery of physical pain, and heralded a discovery and practice of the century second in importance to none.

But to claim for it absolute originality would not be true. There had been attempts in previous centuries, as many of us have related, to remove or lessen pain, and particularly to reduce or remove that acute pain which attended the operations of the surgeon. In the oldest days of medicine, *mandragora* had been used as a potion for this purpose, and Pliny, following *Dioscorides*, had given a prescription for a wine that had the power of rendering the person unconscious to the fire of the cautery or the cut of the knife. The art died out; yet it was a splendid art, and so perfect that centuries after it had been forgotten I myself, following the *Dioscorides* prescription to the letter, made his *anæsthetic* wine of *mandragora*, and found that it did actually produce the required narcotism in such good form, that in the absence of the more manageable *anæsthetic* agents we now possess, it might still be used with success by those who have to wait for the surgical ordeal of knife or cautery, or both combined.

Moreover, there had been some attempts to make parts, about to be operated on, locally dead during the period of operation. A Neapolitan, in one of the fencing schools of Naples, had discovered the fact that by applying a glass flask charged with crushed ice over the surface of the skin, an insensibility could be produced

which would be effective in temporarily removing sensibility whilst an operation was being performed—a plan which the late Dr. James Arnott modified and brought extensively into practice some thirty years ago, and which I further modified by the introduction of ether spray. Also, a few years before the era of Davy, a well-known London surgeon, Mr. James Moore, a son of the distinguished Dr. Moore, and younger brother of the great soldier, Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, endeavoured to assuage the pain of operation by making compression upon the nerves of the limb upon which the surgeon was about to inflict an amputation or incision.

All these attempts towards the mastery of pain were laudable, and were indications of the desire of men of science to carry out what has been, without any reasonable doubt, the one grand advance in the science and art of curative medicine, in the hundred years of the immediate past.

The attempts failed, and probably would never have been looked on as more than curious pages of history, had not Davy alighted upon the research which led to narcotic inhalation.

THE DISCOVERIES OF HORACE WELLS, MORTON, AND JACKSON.

As things finally turned out, there was a delay of over forty years before Davy's original idea was practically realised. The physicists had to show that the vapour of sulphuric ether, inhaled by men or by animals, produced effects similar to those produced by the nitrous oxide. A dentist, Horace Wells, of Hertford, Connecticut, had to bring the nitrous oxide into service by a test operation performed on himself; two gentlemen of Boston, in America, Dr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist, and Dr. C. T. Jackson, a professor of chemistry, one of them or both—for their relative merit is buried in mystery—had to administer sulphuric ether; in turn, chloroform, methylene, and many other volatile anæsthetics had to follow, with various benumbing methods for the production of local without general insensibility. We date these advances back first to December the 11th, 1844, when Horace Wells submitted to a tooth-extraction under nitrous oxide gas; and, next, to September the 30th, 1846, when, for a similar purpose, Morton introduced the vapour of sulphuric ether.

What this last introduction meant, we alone who remember it can fully appreciate. We were, at the onset, startled, and the facts, which were soon placed before the world, were subject of discourse

in all classes of society; but the very novelty of them embarrassed us. When the news of the discovery arrived in this country, it was the event of the medical schools and medical societies in all the large centres. In London the first demonstration of the discovery was made in the house of Dr. Boott, of 24 Gower Street, where the operation, the extraction of a tooth, was performed by Mr. Robinson, a friend of Dr. Boott, a dentist in large practice in the same street. The patient was a lady named Miss Lonsdale, and the operation was entirely painless. Robinson, whom I afterwards knew extremely well from becoming connected with him in founding a practical school of scientific dentistry in England, has often related to me the details of this first important modification in the practice of English surgery. The news came to Dr. Boott by a letter from America¹ in which the details of the administration of ether as an anæsthetic were supplied. The letter was written by the late Dr. Bigelow, of Boston, and was peculiar in more ways than one. The discovery had been originally announced and demonstrated by Morton, but, unfortunately for his lasting fame as a discoverer, not in a clear, simple, and open exposition. He kept back the chemical agent he employed as a secret worthy of a patent, and called it 'Letheon.' It was an attempt at concealment as foolish as it was unworthy, for the odour of 'Letheon' at once betrayed to Bigelow that the substance was nothing more than pure sulphuric ether. Bigelow, so soon as he detected this fact, commenced to administer ether with success, and communicated the circumstance promptly to all he knew, as well as to his English friend Boott. Boott on his part was not slow to call in the assistance of Robinson in order to put the experiment to the test on this side the Atlantic. Robinson told me that he had just breakfasted on December 17, 1846, when he got the startling intelligence about ether-inhalation from his medical neighbour. A man of great enthusiasm and of quick action, he was round at Boott's 'in a jiffy,' expressing himself ready and anxious to have 'the first fling' with ether. A patient was soon found in a lady—whose name I have given—who was about to be operated on by Robinson very soon under any circumstances, and who was 'proud to be the first taster of painless surgery in England.' The operators were a little troubled in making sure of pure ether, and when they were satisfied on that point they had to study how best to apply it. Robinson devoted the 17th and 18th of December 'in rigging up an apparatus'

¹ The letter was brought over by the *Arctadia*.

out of a 'Nooth's inhaler' armed with a flexible tube and mouth-piece; and on the morning of the 19th, in the presence of Dr. Boott and his family, at Boott's residence, he put Miss Lonsdale to sleep in a minute and a half, extracted a molar tooth from her lower jaw, and saw her restored to consciousness and safety within a minute afterwards. When Dr. Boott questioned her about her extraction, she expressed the greatest surprise at finding the tooth was removed. All she had felt was a sensation of coldness around the tooth, caused, Robinson thought, by the coldness of the extracting instrument.

On December the 21st or 22nd, the famous surgeon Liston amputated a limb painlessly, under ether, at University College Hospital, the anæsthetic having been administered by Dr. William Squire, who is still in practice in London. Amongst those present on that occasion was my old friend, Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Forbes, the author of *A Physician's Holiday*. He described to me that he never felt so near to falling on the floor in all his life, as he did when he witnessed the great surgeon Liston amputating a thigh while the patient was in deep sleep. In those days, in order to save pain, the surgeon cultivated rapidity of action, and such an adept was Liston that he completed the removal of the limb within the minute. This, combined with the momentous result of the annihilation of pain, was the cause of the sensation experienced by Forbes. It was not fear, it was not faintness; it was an emotion painful, as he expressed it, from its overwhelming surprise and pleasure. Everybody seemed pale and silent except Liston, who was flushed, and so breathless that when he broke the silence with the word 'Gentlemen,' he almost choked in its utterance.

The news of these startling results quickly spread, and excited quite an enthusiasm, sustained, for a considerable period, by the statements of those who were submitted to operation. One of these—Mr. Dixon, a surgical instrument maker of Tonbridge Place, New Road—described to Mr. Robinson 'his mental status' during the administration of the ether and during the operation—again the extraction of a tooth. 'I had,' he said, 'a most remarkable dream, in the course of which all I had done, and read, and known, and all the events of my early youth, seemed to be compressed into a circle. I then felt as though an evil spirit was endeavouring to triumph over me, but still my confidence in victory was predominant. The actual removal of the tooth seemed to be coincident with the last effort of the supposed evil spirit.' In half a minute this patient was conscious of the presence of

those around him, and in two minutes he had fully recovered. He had been completely unconscious of the operation.

In the hospitals of the metropolis, University College Hospital took the lead in employing the new means for the mastery of pain, but the others speedily followed suit. Mr. Fergusson operated at King's College, Mr. Lawrence at Bartholomew's, Mr. Tatham at St. George's, and so on, until the practice, in hospital, became the order of the day.

As a matter of course, the public as well as the profession of medicine took a lively interest in the astounding novelty, and one of the then London public was singularly affected by it. This was Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, an exile living at King Street, St. James's, with his eye on that Imperial power which, in due time, he won and lost. To him this strange discovery seemed to open up a new era of science for the service of humanity. He was one of the earliest of the outsiders to ask Mr. Robinson to give him an opportunity of witnessing a demonstration—a request immediately granted. He seemed to have looked upon the phenomena with an almost childish wonder, 'as if he were under a fascination,' and he was not alone in his admiration. It was indeed a revelation, 'momentous,' as Forbes expressed when he for the first time witnessed it.

THE TRANSFORMATION IN PRACTICE.

In what has been stated above there is supplied an outline of the early history of practical methods for the mastery of pain in our own time as I remember it from the events of the first days of the practice. If this were the correct place for such an effort, it would be easy for me to introduce a great deal of controversial matter bearing on the priority of the discoveries and discoverers, leading up to what I have related, and, ante-dating, as some have thought, the results narrated. I leave these lines of controversy, to describe, from personal observation and experience, the transformation which the mastery over pain produced on the minds as well as actions of men. I write as an eye-witness of the truth, who still retains the facts in perfect memory.

According to the legal rule of those days, I was passing through my medical studies at the time when the process for the abolition of pain was introduced. I had served a time of articulated pupilship and had entered into a second year of hospital practice, at one of the largest hospitals of the United Kingdom, the Royal Infirmary of

Glasgow. I had passed, therefore, through a severe schooling in sight and hearing of pain, and was in a good condition to form a judgment of the change, physical and moral, which the splendid revolution in practice produced.

I remember, still even with pain, what operating day meant as each week came round. I had become, it is true, accustomed to the scene, and custom does, without doubt, bring the mind and heart to bear many severe necessities. When I asked my first practical teacher how he thought I should get through the ordeal of seeing and taking part in an operation, he replied that, as in learning to smoke, time brought tolerance, but that a man must keep his hand in if he meant to retain his firmness and presence of mind. I recall that when I had to witness the first capital operation I sought the companionship of a student much older than myself, but it turned out that he was more nervous than I was, and prudently left the operating theatre as the patient entered it. I made up my mind to face the ordeal bravely, and for a time I was quite taken out of myself by seeing the consummate calmness and dexterity with which the operator—the late Professor Lawrie, of Glasgow, ‘one of the most splendid operators’ (I am using his distinguished rival, Sir William Fergusson’s, own words) ‘this century, or any century, ever knew’—proceeded in his painful task. ‘The quicker the surgeon, the greater the surgeon,’ was then the order of the day, and such was the rapidity in this case the operation was actually over, in so far as the major part of it was concerned, before the patient uttered a single cry. If all had stopped there, all had been well; but just at that moment, as if giving vent to a long suppressed agony, the patient uttered a scream that went through me, and, in spite of the tenderness and firmness with which the nurses assured him it was all over, continued to scream and struggle, so that he had to be securely held whilst the final steps of the operation were performed. Some of my new comrades, neophytes like myself, became faint and some left the theatre. I turned over, but kept my legs, saw in a kind of haze the man being carried away, and came back to thorough consciousness listening to the short lecture which Dr. Lawrie was delivering in relation to the reasons for the operation, the manner in which it had been conducted, and the chances for and against recovery.

Several weeks went over my head before composure of mind accompanied such scenes as these. I think we all got hardened at last, but it was not permanent hardening. If we were away a few

times from the scene, we had a return of the terror, in a minor degree, so soon as we resumed work ; and the eminent surgeon I have named told me that he never woke on operating day without feeling a load of care and anxiety that would not wear off until the labours of his day were ended. In this he was not alone, for Cheselden, the leading surgeon of the reign of Queen Anne, the surgeon who first restored sight to the blind by operation, and to whom one of his grateful patients addressed the couplet—

So swift thy hand, I could not feel
The progress of the cutting steel,

never undertook an operation without being blanched and experiencing a sensation of anxiety that was like a seizure, which all his moral courage could scarcely control.

SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

It requires one who has witnessed the before and after of the mastery of pain to understand in all its fulness the change that followed the triumph of science in this one particular art. I feel oppressed still as I recall the time when the unhappy victims were brought, one after another, into conflict with the agony. They differed greatly in the way they took the conflict ; but it occurs to me that, all in all, the women faced the ordeals as well, if not better, than the men. Some of both sexes were astoundingly brave, going through every stage of the process without expressing a word of complaint or of suffering. Now and then we saw, unexpectedly, a kind of trance state which favoured the labour of the operator. This was most common in the feeblest subjects, and was brought about possibly by what would in the present day be called spontaneous hypnotism. In these instances the patient kept up a steady gaze on some particular object, and appeared as if all the mind were intently fixed on one point at some distance off. We often endeavoured to divert the attention of sufferers towards another subject, as a mother is seen to divert the attention of a child, in pain or in fear, towards some glittering thing or something entirely new ; and here we experienced what the mother experiences, that is to say, we either made matters better or worse. Two facts I remember amongst the best of any ; namely, that I rarely knew any person, who had positively made up his or her mind to undergo the operation, shrink from it at the last moment through fear of the pain ; and that I rarely, if ever, saw one

shed tears during the infliction of the pain. Regarding the first of these experiences, there was a remarkable psychological exhibition. A patient during first conversations on the subject of the ordeal and the suggestion of it, would absolutely refuse to think of submitting to it; but this was followed by reflection, reflection by resignation, resignation by submission to the inevitable, and submission by a kind of holy courage, which lasted completely until the suffering began, upon which there was an almost certain change of view, and insistence, of the strongest kind at first, that the operation should be stopped at all risks—a resistance which had to be gently but resolutely overcome—followed, when resistance was useless, by as energetic a request for the proceedings to finish as rapidly as possible. ‘Make haste! make haste!’ These different pleadings, frequently repeated, became stereotyped on the mind of the observers so distinctly, that the actual stage of an operation might be calculated from them by those who were accustomed to the proceedings. After all was over, there was, under the most favourable circumstances, great nervous shock—a shock which not infrequently was full of danger, and which left deep depression for long periods of time. I heard many express that if they had known beforehand what the suffering was, and the effects subsequently endured, they would rather have faced death than such a fearful struggle for continued existence. I have no doubt that this depression interfered seriously with the healing of the wounds which the surgeon was forced to inflict; and I know that the fear of the depression hindered some of the boldest surgeons from attempting many operations for saving the lives of feeble and excitable people, operations which are now carried out with perfect and all but certain success.

I have described that it was rare to see any sufferer weep during an operation. It was so. Sufferers would scream, protest, pray, and sometimes give out freely what was not prayer; but shed floods of tears, not at all. There was another strange thing. From an unusually painful operation the sufferers, however feeble, rarely, if ever, fainted, except from loss of blood. I asked a man once after an amputation if he felt faint during the operation. His reply was very curious and characteristic. ‘Did I feel faint? What a question to ask! Did I feel faint? Why, of course I didn’t. Neither would you if you had had the same reason to keep you from fainting. It was a good deal too bad for that.’ I told this anecdote once to my late friend, Mr. Delagarde of

Exeter, who before pain was quenched invented a saw which cut through bone more rapidly and accurately than any previous instrument of the kind, and who was such a rapid operator that many came long journeys to Exeter to be under his skilful hand, because he cut so quickly they did not feel what they would have felt from a slower hand. I asked, I repeat, of Delagarde what he thought of the reply I had heard. 'Quite natural,' he answered, 'and quite true. I have known many faint right off for some quite trifling and momentary operation, but I never knew one faint in the middle of a tremendous operation from the mere severity of the pain. They were too much occupied in mind for that, and the pain itself seemed to be a stimulating antidote to faintness; but they did sometimes become very faint when all was over and the pain had ceased.' Here was a singular experience, and one which actually stood in the way of the mastery of pain in later days; for some surgeons declared—one old and famous army surgeon in particular—it was bad practice to annul pain from the knife, because the pain was a good stimulant and kept the patient up to the mark.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF EARLY ANÆSTHESIA.

As these memories of the days when the mastery of pain was practically unknown are read, the reader will not wonder at the statement that the most treasured day in my life is that day when I witnessed for the first time the physical miracle of the abolition of pain during a surgical operation, the grand transformation of the phenomenon of agony into the phenomenon of sleep. The news of Liston's trial of anæsthesia by the inhalation of ether was brought as soon as possible to Glasgow, and was conveyed at once to the different learned professors of medicine in that city. I was at the time one of the students in the anatomical class in Anderson's University, and according to custom the large class was seated in the lecture theatre,¹ waiting for the middle-day lecture. The Professor we were under was Dr. Moses Buchanan, a most zealous, able, and enthusiastic teacher. The Professor was one of the most punctual men in the world in respect to lecture time, and after we students had sat for five minutes at least, with no Professor in view, we began to get a little bit restless and noisy, wondering what had happened. At last the janitor, John MacDougal, opened the door at the back of

¹ The theatre in which David Livingstone learned his anatomical rudiments.

the lecture-table, and the missing Professor appeared. To our astonishment he told us there would be no lecture that day; and then, not without emotion of pleasure, for he was as good a surgeon as he was an anatomist, he informed us that he had to communicate a piece of news which marked a new era in surgical science, nothing less than the discovery of a method by which the most important operations could be performed while the patient undergoing the operation was asleep. 'I am,' he added, 'on my way to the Royal Infirmary to take part in the first trial of the new system there, and by-and-by we shall all meet to learn if the news that has reached us, and that seems to be satisfactory, is really true. If it be, this day is a red-letter day in all our lives.'

As a matter of course, this news created the utmost excitement. We trooped off to the Royal Infirmary as fast as our legs would carry us, and in due time were crowding into the operating theatre. The operating theatre was then under the fine dome which still crowns the Royal Infirmary. The room formed a chapel on Sunday, and in the rush for seats the best places were speedily secured. I and one or two other students got into the pulpit, which formed an excellent place for observation; others seized the precentor's pew—I think it was so called—both forbidden places except on such a memorable day. The late Professors—Lawrie, Andrew Buchanan, Moses Buchanan, with Dr. Fleming, Mr. Anderson and the house-surgeons and the dressers in their blue striped gowns, were in the arena and on the tiptoe of expectation. The task of operating belonged to Professor Andrew Buchanan, who, before the arrival of the patient, stepped forward and in a gentle and nervous manner, natural to him, described the news that had come from the Massachusetts Hospital, explaining that the process consisted in laying the patient in deep sleep by the inhalation of the vapour of ether; that it had been carried out in America and in London; that it was called *anæsthesia*—a word derived from the Greek, signifying 'not to feel'; and that he and his colleagues, after due consultation, had determined to put the new method to the test with as much care and precision as they could command in a first attempt. The patient was then sent for, and came in with quite a smiling face, delighted with the idea of being cut without pain, and rather proud, I fancy, at being the first man in Scotland selected to enjoy the honour as well as the pleasure. At all events, he agreed with the utmost readiness to the proposal of the Professor that he should be put to sleep, and Dr. Fleming, with the house-surgeon of the day for Buchanan's ward, commenced to

administer the ether vapour from a sponge surrounded by a towel. In a short time the patient—whose name, I think, was Macleod—began to talk and sing in a loud voice in the style not uncommon to the second stage (as we afterwards designated it) of the ether narcotism, giving us a line or two at least from ‘Bobby,’ and communicating one or two secrets which he might just as well have kept to himself. He then lapsed into perfect quietude, and soon afterwards was allowed to wake up with the operation completed, without knowing that he had passed through anything more than a curious dream, feeling, as he affirmed, with a broad grin, just ‘a wee bit fou,’ and in no degree ashamed of his acquaintanceship with that condition.

The day we witnessed this event, with some others like unto it, was indeed a red-letter day with us, for in it we had seen the last of the surgical science of excruciation and the opening scene of the mastery of pain. We were entranced. We made experiments on each other. I remember my much-esteemed fellow student, George Buchanan of Glasgow, son of the distinguished Moses Buchanan to whom reference has already been made, and at this moment one of the surgical lights of Scotland, offering himself, like a valiant young martyr, for experiment, and allowing his enthusiastic *confrères* to put him into the deepest ethereal sleep for the sake of practice; and I remember also the remark that when he came to himself again he looked about him, as if he expected that, for the sake of practice, someone might have lightened him of a limb or two while he sat an unconscious and helpless victim. I recall to mind that at a meeting of the ‘Faculty,’ at Faculty Hall, where the new subject was being sagely discussed by the sages of the profession, student John Chambers, a sturdy and frolicsome youth, having been put partially to sleep for experimental service, for which he had volunteered, rose from his doubtful sleep, and stalking up to the presidential chair, did there and then roundly box the ears of the official occupant of that distinguished seat, and was with some difficulty prevented carrying out further acts of violence, greatly to the amusement of all, except the President, and himself when, afterwards, he ‘came to.’

The excitement of the first demonstrations of the discovery quickly quieted down, and the practice of anæsthesia became an accepted part of medical life. Paris took up the wondrous tale and confirmed it; the success in London reassured America; and before long the mastery of pain was an accomplished art common to all the civilised world. In the first month of the year 1847

Dr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, administered ether for the purpose of lessening the great pangs and peril of childbirth, and succeeded in showing that that those pangs could not only be relieved, but prevented altogether, without danger either to mother or offspring.

DISPARAGEMENTS.

As our enthusiasm died away, or gave place to that use which so soon becomes second nature, we began to hear disparagements from various quarters. I believe that the majority of mankind, medical and general, took to the advancement kindly, and certainly they who were most concerned in it, they who had to be subjected to surgical suffering, seized the beneficence of it without demur ; a fact I can readily testify to, since I once put to sleep, for a comparatively slight operation, one who was amongst the worst opponents to anæsthesia until it came to be his turn to taste the benefits of it.

What, someone will inquire, could be the disparagements ?

(1) It was urged by those who had learned to admire the dexterity of surgical art, that the days of that art were doomed ; that surgeons would become mere 'puddlers' ; and that a false sentiment and fear about pain, and the infliction of pain, would take from the Esculapian fraternity the boldest and manliest qualities. No more heroes of surgery would now be born. (2) It was said that to abolish pain would be to change the laws of nature herself ; that pain is a safeguard ; that it indicates, in cases of injury, the seat of injury and, in some instances, the cause of injury ; that if men learned to minimise or prevent it at pleasure, they might annul it altogether, and invent a new constitution in which this sentinel of danger would be, at all times, off duty. (3) It was predicted that the most serious malpractices would follow the introduction of anæsthetic art. It was feared that the art would be used by the robber, by the murderer, by those who were desirous of committing deeds of violence for the worst purposes, and that, in short, it would be a means of putting the most dangerous and ready weapon of evil ever dreamed of into the hands of the evil disposed, the worst disposed of the whole community. (4) It was argued that the practice, however safe and successful it might be, was sinful ; was opposed to the divinely appointed decree, and could not be sustained except in direct defiance of righteous law ; for, was not man born to suffer, and was not pain a part of the curse that had fallen

on man by his first disobedience to the Almighty will? (5) It was insisted on by a more practical group of objectors that, as the process of anæsthesia became general in its application, the mortality induced by anæsthesia would of itself be the death-warrant of the declared advancement, and bring all its glory to the dust.

A little later on I shall take occasion to point out how far these various prophetic warnings were justified by results. It will, however, be most methodical to treat, for a few minutes, on the course and further development of the science and practice of anæsthesia after it had been established and brought into general use.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.—CHLOROFORM.

Man is a restless and inquiring animal. He never gets a new thing or new art but that he tries to improve it, or, at all events, supplant it, by something he thinks to be newer and better, so, naturally, and as a matter of course, he soon began to ask if he could improve on ether as an anæsthetic. Ether was slow in its action, it had a disagreeable odour, and it required a rather complicated apparatus for its administration; these were objections which must be removed, and many began to seek for the better substance with which to master pain. The word *ether* got the first place and held the field by virtue of that priority. Whatever new thing were introduced it must be an *ether*, and the next that took the field was also an ether, in name at least. Since the year 1831 there had been in use in medical practice a fluid called *chloric ether*. It differed from what was known as sulphuric ether in that it was a compound or mixture, two substances commingled together. Sulphuric ether, commonly known simply as ether, is a fluid substance consisting of three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and made by the distillation of alcohol with sulphuric acid. It, has, distinctly, its own specific qualities, its own specific weight, its own vapour density, its own boiling-point, its own rate of diffusion, and its own solubility in other fluids, like water, alcohol, or blood. Chloric ether was not of this simplicity and unity of action. It had two parts, each part possessing its own particular properties. In the year 1831 an American chemist, Mr. Guthrie, distilled together chloride of lime and alcohol, by which he obtained an alcoholic solution of a substance to which this name chloric ether was applied by another distinguished chemist, Professor Thomas Thomson of Glasgow. The alcoholic solution of this volatile and pungent substance went under this

name of chloric ether, as it does to the present day. But what was the substance conjoined with the alcohol? Liebig separated it and named it *-chloride of carbon* under the incorrect idea that it did not contain hydrogen. This incorrect idea was put right by Dumas, who also separated it from the alcohol and by better analysis fully described and defined it and gave to it the name of *chloroform*. From that time chloric ether was made methodically by mixing together chloroform and alcohol, and to the initiated it was known to be a mixture of this character, but to the world at large, and even to the medical world, it passed, and passes, by its old name, chloric ether, ranking as an ether. When, therefore, improvements or variations began to be considered in anæsthetic practice, it was natural enough that someone, keeping in mind the word 'ether,' should suggest the trial of chloric ether. Two men quickly thought of it in this sense and gave it trial. The one was Dr. Bigelow of Boston, U.S.A.; the other, Mr. Jacob Bell, the then well-known chemist of Oxford Street, London. Dr. Bigelow did not succeed well in his trials and gave the inquiry up for the moment. Mr. Bell was more successful; he caused anæsthesia in a considerable number of instances by means of chloric ether, and was struck, he told me, by the perfection of the sleep it induced, although perplexed and dissatisfied by the slowness of its action. He was able, however, to get the new ether tried for operations in the Middlesex and in Bartholomew's Hospitals. At Bartholomew's Mr. Lawrence operated on patients under chloric ether, and was so satisfied with the results that he employed the agent in his private practice; thinking it was an ether.

It is the peculiar part of the course of discovery at this stage, that what was effected by chloric ether was due not to an ether at all, but to the substance which Dumas had called chloroform, and which was present in the mixture in the proportion of about twelve parts by volume of chloroform to eighty-eight parts of alcohol. It was not surprising that Mr. Lawrence, an operating surgeon of the strictest sort, should not appreciate this fact from a chemical point of view; but that Mr. Jacob Bell, a man whose life was practically devoted to the study of chemical preparations, should not have detected the active principle he was employing, is one of those curious circumstances in research that baffle calculation. In fact, he never could account for it himself, and I have heard him say that whilst he knew perfectly well that the so-called chloric ether was a mixture of chloroform and alcohol, having made the mixture with his own hands, and whilst he would have replied in an instant

if the question had been put to him, that the alcohol could not possibly cause the narcotic action, and that, consequently, the chloroform did cause it, it never occurred to him to solve the riddle, he being misled, as he believed, by the use of the word ether, and the feeling that it was an ether and nothing else that was wanted. Had he by the merest chance been moved to the explanation of the effects that were manifested, he would, undoubtedly, have been the acknowledged, as he was the unacknowledged, discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic. Strangely, too, Professor Flourens, of Paris, one of the best living physiologists, experimented with chloroform itself and put it aside, perhaps wisely, on account of its danger to life.

Chloroform, then, was in use in practice before it was known to be; but, as a matter of necessity, the secret soon came out. How it came out may rapidly be narrated. Mr. David Waldie, of the Apothecaries' Company, Liverpool, an excellent pharmacist, who had been making chloric ether by adding chloroform to pure alcohol, divined what Bell did not divine, namely, that the substance in chloric ether which caused the narcotic sleep was the chloroform it contained. Being in Edinburgh in October, 1847, he told the fact of the use of chloric ether in London to Dr. Simpson, explaining that the substance at work was chloroform, and, recommending Simpson to try it, promised to make him a specimen for such trial. Some little delay took place in the fulfilment of this promise, and, meanwhile, Simpson, having got chloroform manufactured for him in Edinburgh, experimented with it in its pure state, and on November the 10th immediately following read a paper on the subject to the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, instantly published the paper under the title, 'Notice of a new Anæsthetic Agent as a Substitute for Sulphuric Ether,' and began to use chloroform for the mastery of pain in the human subject. Very few scientific medical essays have ever attracted so much attention as this on chloroform. Chloroform soon came into almost general use in place of ether, and the word itself became so common in the vernacular, that the people began to recognise it as synonymous with and more expressive than anæsthesia. The word entered into different parts of speech, patients were said to be 'chloroformed,' those who administered the liquid were called 'chloroformisers,' and the saying 'to chloroform' made a new verb. At the same time the name of Dr. Simpson, connected in the popular mind with the introduction of chloroform, became a household word of first magnitude, the names of all his compeers and

predecessors, not excluding that of Sir Humphry Davy himself, dropping out of mind as if they had never existed. In fact by one of those extraordinary frolics of fortune never explainable, Simpson, seventh on the list of expositors of anæsthesia, leaped into the first place, and for almost a generation was believed to be the actual author of the process by which the great blessing was brought into birth. I heard quite recently a fine scholar say, 'that the only instauration of medicine in the present century was anæsthesia by Simpson,' and assign to that authority not only that instauration, but the discovery of chloroform itself, the application of the word 'anæsthesia,' and the whole demonstration, as if it had been delivered to the world at one message from a shaft of Jove.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY THE TRUE DISCOVERER.

The period of 1846-7 may be considered as the birthtime of the practical application of the mastery of pain. The year 1800 may be considered as the true year of its origin. By every rule of justice and of truth Sir Humphry Davy deserves the credit of the discovery. Nothing ought to take from him that distinguished, is it too much to say, immortal honour. It is true he did not discover the first anæsthetic gas, nitrous oxide—that was the discovery of his illustrious predecessor Dr. Priestley—but it was he who first ventured to breathe the gas; it was he who demonstrated its effects on living action and function; and it was he who, with the true genius for practical utility, first gave the keynote to its service for mankind; who bade his successors take this gas for the great use to which it may be applied—for the extinction of pain in surgical operations. Had those experiments of Davy not been made by himself, and on himself; had the effects he experienced not been so splendidly described; and, lastly, had the direction as to future work with the substance, for a specific object, not been so perfectly forecast and proffered, there seems no reason whatsoever why the mastery of pain should have been achieved as it has been. Certainly there is not the least indication that any of those who worked out the details from his suggestion have shown the slightest evidence or hope that they would have taken a single step except for his initiative. The way pointed out, many have done well in it; but all have moved on the one inspiration, and then only by accidental observation upon observation, each one a little and a little on made ground.

ANSWERS TO DISPARAGEMENTS.

Leaving Davy master of the field as the inaugurator of the anæsthesia of modern times, let me now return to the practical answers that have been rendered to the many objections that were raised against the process. It will be remembered that I placed these disparagements under five heads, and I may now report that they have been overborne by the weight of experience. They have not been overborne equally, but virtually they have been so far beaten all along the line that nothing in the way of objection remains that is irremediable. To the first disparagement that surgery as an art would lose its brilliancy, and surgeons would become 'puddlers' in their craft, the reply is, that surgeons are, truly, more deliberate now than they were, but that the deliberation they exercise is all to the benefit of the persons subjected to operation. It has a twofold benefit : it enables good plain common-sense men, who have no particular brilliancy, to become first-rate operators, so that surgical skill is more widely diffused than it ever was before ; and it permits the more adventurous surgeons to perform life-saving operations which the most optimistic and speculative men would not have dreamt of in the ages preceding this last half of the nineteenth century. The remarkable achievements in what is now called 'abdominal surgery' are the result of the mastery of pain, and if brilliancy be in some measure sacrificed as against the mere matter of dexterity, there has been gain altogether in the matter of progress in the art of combating disease.

The prediction that to annul pain during operation would lead to the reckless removal of pain as a sentinel against danger, died out of itself, without consideration ; and the notion that anæsthetics would be, or might be, used by the evil-disposed for criminal purposes, although it was more considered, and although it led one of our judges, the late Lord Campbell, into energetic defence of the public against the danger, has, fortunately, subsided also, as a danger so rarely encountered it has ceased to be feared. The fifth objection, that the abolition of pain under operation, or other circumstance, is contrary to divine law, was met by Dr. Simpson with admirable skill. In the introduction of chloroform he showed no more skill than is conveyed in Renan's able and deep observation, '*dire n'est rien, faire est tout*' ; but in the controversy on pain he showed that, to speak at the right moment and say the right thing may be true genius, and he did both. He

said that the first operation ever performed on man was that which was performed on Adam, when there was removed from him a rib out of which to make woman; and that, before commencing to operate, God Himself cast the man into a deep sleep. The reply seemed to stop at once all further cavillings on the charge of impiety in the act of mastering pain.

The last disparagement, the mortality from anæsthesia, is the most serious and most permanent of all. It is in fact the only one that merits serious attention. It is too true that a certain considerable mortality accompanies anæsthesia, and that no anæsthetic has been found, or probably ever will be found, that is absolutely free from danger. The one most free of danger is nitrous oxide, commonly called 'the gas,' under the use of which the deaths are believed to number not more than one in a million—a mortality that would not be considered if the gas could be applied generally. Unhappily the gas can only be used for such short operations as the extraction of a tooth, and others similar as to duration, and we are obliged to have recourse to those annihilators of pain which exert a longer influence, such as ether, chloroform, or methylene. After nitrous oxide, ether is the least dangerous, and it was fortunate that ether came in before chloroform; because if chloroform had come in first the number of deaths from it would, probably, have put a stop to anæsthesia at once. Chloroform has, in fact, held its own solely in consequence of its greater convenience. A grand practitioner in anæsthetic work, the late Dr. John Snow, who led the way to the philosophic study of the subject, was of this opinion; and when asked why he used chloroform instead of ether, replied: 'For the same reason that I use a phosphorus match in place of the tinder-box: an occasional risk never stands in the way of ready applicability,' and this is the only answer that is reasonable. To meet the dangers of chloroform I introduced bichloride of methylene, called for shortness methylene, and with so much success that eminent surgeons like Sir Spencer Wells prefer it. Other inquirers have added other agents. But lately there has been a strong return to ether, with a prevailing desire for something still better—something as applicable as chloroform or methylene, and as safe as nitrous oxide. In course of time this will be obtained, the elementary requirements being so well known that if the composition, the specific gravity, the vapour-density, the boiling-point, and the degree of solubility in water, of any chemical substance be brought to one like myself who has made this question a life-long study, it is easy to declare at once, on

the foundation of principles now acquired, not only whether the substance will produce or will fail to produce anæsthesia, but if it will produce it, how long it will be in taking effect, how much of it will be required to cause effect, what length of time the effect is likely to last, and, generally, whether the effect will or will not be attended with danger to life.

Admitting, therefore, the risk which, as yet, accompanies our efforts to master pain, we are, on the whole, satisfied with the general results and successes we have obtained. We often save lives now, by anæsthesia, which would not be saved without it, and this in larger numbers than those who die by accident under it; we have every hope and belief that a new, better, and safer agent will be discovered; and, whenever we are led to compare the past with the present, we are led also to discount, on good grounds, many assumed instances of death occurring under, but not from, the anæsthetic, in the same way as sometimes happened when no anæsthetic process was known. Further, we know that, despite the belief that pain is a stimulant and may prevent death, either from fear or suffering, many more died after operation from the exhaustion of the suffering, than now die under the happier circumstances which the mastery of pain has brought about.

It would form an interesting chapter, if I had space for it, to record the attempts that have been made to introduce a successful method of securing the mastery of pain locally, without danger of any kind to the life of the person subjected to the insensibility—as, by the benumbing cold of ether spray, and the employment, later, of cocaine. But it is time to stop at this moment and, with one or two concluding notes on the pioneers who have been my contemporaries in the great war against suffering and who have gone over to the majority, to conclude the chapter.

FATES OF SOME OF THE PIONEERS.

The three men most engaged in the application, at first, of Davy's instauration met with an unhappy fate. Horace Wells, who first submitted himself to a surgical operation under an anæsthetic, and to whom is usually given the credit of having been the practical introducer of the modern art, fell very speedily into melancholy. He saw his application of nitrous oxide almost immediately supplanted by sulphuric ether, and found himself

unnoticed. In despair he went to New York, hoping there to secure full recognition, but before the time arrived for the discussion of his claims his mind went wrong, and he brought his life to a close, by his own hand, on January the 14th, 1848.

Morton and Jackson were scarcely more fortunate. They waged war against each other on the question of priority, and in 1853 Morton applied to Congress for a grant of money, on the claim that he was the discoverer. The friends of Wells opposed this claim; and, curiously enough, another candidate, whom we in England had not before heard of, namely, Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Athens, Georgia, put in a prior claim and actually proved that, as far back as March the 30th, 1842, though he had never published the fact, he etherised a gentleman named Venables, and removed a tumour from him, without causing pain. Dr. Long also performed other operations under the same condition of etherisation, but he was out of court, according to the fixed rule of primary priority, because he never published his work. In spite of every effort the Committee of Congress refused to grant any pecuniary recognition to Morton, who thereupon went from Washington to New York in a state of such extreme mental excitement that Dr. Lewis A. Sayre and Dr. Yale were called to him, and did all they could, with great kindness. Their labours were useless, for the man himself declined to carry out their instructions. He took his own desperate course, ordered a buggy, drove up Broadway to the upper end of the Central Park, leaped out and ran into the lake there; then got back again, under persuasion, into the buggy, drove a short distance further, again leaped out, tried to jump over a fence, fell down insensible, and being carried into St. Luke's Hospital, died there within two hours. Jackson, his rival, outlived him, but became also mentally afflicted. In our country Dr. Simpson, in many respects a most remarkable man, received a baronetcy, and died full of days and honour. Mr. Robinson, the first operator, here, under anæsthesia, met with his death in a sad way. He had received some friends in his country-house and had been through his garden to see them homewards. On returning through his garden he picked up a garden-knife which had been left near a tree, and in lopping off a bough of the tree, which was in the way, he accidentally divided his femoral artery and died from the loss of blood.

But, amongst all the men since 1846 engaged in the first work for the mastery of pain, he who remains most in my mind is one to whom I have least alluded, I mean Dr. John Snow. The pecu-

liarity of Snow was his true scientific spirit, and the breadth with which he surveyed the whole field of practice as well as research. It was he who first began to weigh and measure anæsthetic agents and compute their effects from their physical properties, and it was he who indicated how the study of anæsthetics might be made to extend the scientific boundaries of the science of healing altogether. As an administrator he held the highest reputation, and twice was summoned to administer chloroform to the Queen. But no practical success drew him from the path of original research to which he devoted himself. With him I worked as with an elder brother, and, knowing his worth most intimately, never wondered that all praised it. On June the 9th, 1858, whilst writing the last page of his important work on 'Chloroform and other Anæsthetics,' he was seized with a stroke of paralysis, and died on June the 16th, in the forty-sixth year of his age. By a curious coincidence the pen fell from his hand as he wrote the word '*exit*,' five lines from the ending of the final page; the rest of the page I, who afterwards edited the work, was able to fill up from the rough copy he had previously prepared.

Some day I hope to describe more minutely the history of the practical mastery of pain, from its origin. Should I fail in that expectation, the historian of a future day, intent on preserving the first details of one of the miracles of the nineteenth century, may accept what has been related above in all simplicity of knowledge, with reliance on the fidelity of one who has been throughout an eye-witness of the practical development of the modern art, and an active partaker in the labours that have led to its rich rewards.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

Sweet Peas.

SWEET peas of many colours, pink and blue
 And dusky purple mellowing to a hue
 Of brown-veined crimson, when I look at you
 I think my eyes have borrowed of your dew.

Because I knew you long ago mayhap,
 Your white face looking from a purple cap,
 And your fine bonnet with a modest flap,
 And loved you as you lay upon my lap ;

Because I like the dear old-fashioned traits,
 Your stately carriage and your gracious ways ;
 Because my heart can never cease to praise
 The tender beauty of the bygone days ;

Because you smell of gardens long ago,
 With old-world lilies standing in a row,
 And dahlias with their gaudy furbelow ;
 Is this the reason why I love you so ?

Because—because—oh ! blossoms, you have read
 My secret heart ; you seem to bow your head
 For piety and pity of the dead,
 Because, perchance, I leave a name unsaid.

NINA F. LAYARD.

A Birthday.

CHAPTER I.

A MAGIC CHAMBER.

IN a little bare room right at the top of one of the tallest blocks of buildings in a foreign city, sat an old man, with an easel before him, painting.

The garret was so high up that it seemed as though you might step right into the heart of the daffodil sky outside, for a great arch of sunset sky was all you could see from its window. The little white room was dyed through and through with clear yellow light; it looked like a fairy cell of amber, in the midst of which sat the wizard with white locks, weaving his spells.

All round the walls of his enchanted cave hung the outward and visible signs of the charms he had already wrought. These were in the forms of pictures—sketches most of them, more or less finished—some lovely and pleasing to look upon, others weird and horrible, but all alike strange and unusual. Strange, for they were dream-pictures from mystic lands, where the wizard of the brush sometimes wandered alone.

But he was not a terrible or repellent enchanter this—far from it. He was quite a gentle-looking old man, with soft white hair and a bent back. You would not have guessed that there was anything remarkable about him at all, if it had not been for his eyes. But these were so clear, so blue, so deep, and, strangest of all, so *youthful*, that when he raised them suddenly to yours, you felt a shock of half-glad surprise, and acknowledged him to be a wizard forthwith. These blue eyes of his were now fixed steadily on the canvas before him, and as his brush moved, an expression which was not quite awe, nor wonder, nor gladness, but something between the three, crept up into them, and made them brighter and more wonderful than ever,

The little room was very still as he sat there and worked. From the streets of the quaint old city down below nothing but a subdued soothing hum reached his ears.

The amber sky glowed and deepened gloriously; the light which filled the room seemed to quiver and palpitate, as though between the four white walls there was not space enough for so much radiance.

Just as the miracle of loveliness was at its height, there came the sound of a light quick footfall on the stairs. The old man heard it and smiled—a pleased smile—though he did not stop his work. It came nearer—stopped—and there was a tap at the door.

‘Come in,’ he called pleasantly, and the door opened.

A girl stood on the threshold with flowers in her hand—roses pink and white, and trails of honeysuckle.

‘How lovely!’ she cried, looking round with a long breath. ‘Oh, how *lovely* it is here! Your sky tower is worth the climb a thousand times, Dadda dear—but it *is* a climb!’ she added, laughing breathlessly. She sank into a large wooden chair by the table at the window, tossing down her roses as she spoke, while both little hands moved quickly to her side.

The old man glanced at her anxiously.

‘You have been running again, child! How often have I begged you to be careful? You are not strong yet, remember, whatever you may think,’ he said in a troubled tone.

‘Oh! it’s only a little pain—there, it’s gone—and it’s so easy to run upstairs,’ returned the girl carelessly. ‘What are you doing there, Dadda? Let me see!’ she cried, springing up impetuously.

Wait! Not just this minute. I shall have finished as much as I’m going to do very soon,’ he answered. ‘You can put my flowers in water, if they *are* for me,’ he added. ‘They are very sweet, my dear.’

‘Of *course* they’re for you! Who else should they be for? And I’m going to make this dear little room more like a magic one than ever with them, before all the heavenly light goes!’ She began to arrange great branches of pinky roses in the brown earthenware jugs she had dragged from a cupboard, touching their frail petals delicately with the tips of her fingers as though she loved them. She was not unlike a flower herself, this girl, bending over the scented blossoms in the evening light. Her hair was as yellow as the heart of the wild roses, her cheeks as

faintly touched with pink. The pansies she was placing on a shelf under one of the pictures were not more softly dark than her eyes.

'I am painting this for *you*,' said the old man presently, watching her a moment as she moved about the room.

'For me!' Her colour came. 'Oh, you *dear* Dadda! How good you are!' she cried.

'I meant it for your birthday; but you shall have it now, I think. It doesn't much matter. Why, you will be twenty-one, Marie, very soon! Ah well!'—with a little pause—'it seems but the other day you came knocking at the studio door—do you remember?—with the modest request to be taught to paint "lovely pictures" *at once*. You were a mite—so high!' he added, raising one hand with a smile.

Marie laughed. 'I remember,' she said, nodding brightly. 'I heard someone say you were the best painter and the best teacher in the city, and I thought about it all night, and made up my mind that *I* would paint pictures too. And I ran out of the house without telling Trudchen, and ran all the way to the studio; but when I saw all the grown up people painting, I remember how frightened I was!' She laughed again. 'But you were so sweet and kind, I soon forgot that they were laughing, and I drew something for you. It was a fairy in the moon, do you remember? And you said you would teach me. And you've been my dear master, and my father and mother, and *everybody* ever since!' There were tears in her eyes as she finished, but she went on chattering to hide them. 'Oh! and you needn't think you are forgotten up here in your sky tower by the poor silly people down there!' she exclaimed. 'They say to me sometimes, "He must be mad. He used to have the best studio of anyone. Why, he could be a rich man if he liked! Why does he never exhibit?" And then when I say you don't care for these things, they stare, and don't believe it of course.'

The old man smiled quietly as he painted. There was a pause. 'Do you know I have had another present to-day?' said the girl, rather suddenly, stooping over her flowers a little.

The old man raised his head. 'Yes?' he asked. 'From Maurice?'

'Yes, from Maurice,' she answered. Coming a little closer to him, without drawing near enough to see the picture, she held out her left hand.

He took it, and looked at a ring on the third finger. An oval

set in gold. The mysterious shimmering hues gleamed faintly in the sunset light. 'It is settled, then?' he asked, dropping her hand, but keeping his eyes fixed on her face rather anxiously.

'Yes,' said Marie. The flowers were all arranged now, but she continued to touch now a leaf, now a slender bud, gently with her forefinger.

'Are you sure you have done wisely, my child?' said the old man, glancing tenderly at her downcast face.

'Oh, Dadda, I don't know! I hope so!' she replied in a troubled voice. 'He cares for me so much—and you know he saved my life last year, that time when I was so nearly drowned. Just think! If it hadn't been for Maurice, I shouldn't see these flowers, or that lovely, lovely sky now. I should be out there, beyond the city wall, buried under the earth.' She sat with her elbows resting on the wooden table, her chin in the hollow of her hands, gazing out upon the wide sky on whose saffron field, here and here, a few silver stars began to glitter. 'I have thought about it a long, long time, Dadda, and it seems now as though I ought to if he wishes it. You see I have had such a strange life, so unlike other girls. It has been a selfish life too, I think. No father, no mother, no real home, but plenty of money—every means of doing just exactly what I pleased. And I pleased to live here with my old nurse, and to give all my time and thought and strength to my work. I have thought of nothing else—except you, Dadda. I never wanted to know people, or to have acquaintances even. I suppose I'm not like other girls in that. Maurice says other girls think about lovers. I never did—I never do—for I can't feel to Maurice as he does to me. I don't feel as though he's my lover. But ever since I've known him—ever since he jumped from the boat when I was sinking—he has been so kind and good, and—here am I, a rich girl, with no one to spend my money on, since *you* won't have it, Dadda—and—oughtn't I to? I am very fond of him, you know. He says, too, when I'm his wife, everything will be different. I shall love him then. Shall I, I wonder?' she mused. 'I don't know.' She put her hand over her forehead with a weary movement. 'It worries me,' she said. 'I don't feel as though I could love *any* man properly. At least'—she paused, hesitating—'do you know, Dadda—isn't it absurd?—I feel that I *did* know what love means once, but that I have *forgotten*! There now! What a good thing it is, you are *you*, for you won't laugh at me! You'll say *everything* is a forgetting—and a remembering again.'

The old man looked at her curiously, and sighed a little.

'Would you like to see your picture?' he asked. 'I've finished it.'

He lifted the canvas from the easel, and placed it carefully on a chair before the window, stepping back to look at it himself, while Marie eagerly leant against his shoulder. She did not speak, but presently he felt the hands that were clasped round his arm tighten convulsively. Turning to look at her, he started to see her face as white as ashes. In another moment she would have fallen. He put her tenderly in the large chair by the open window, and knelt beside her, rubbing her little cold hands, and speaking soothing words to her as though to a frightened child. Marie was right—the old man loved her, his daughter, as he called her, as though she had been his own child. She had been everything to him, from the time when in a childish outburst of love and confidence she had given him the baby name by which she had ever since called him. Though people spoke of him as a fanatic, and though they were right, perhaps, when they said that to all intents and purposes he had ceased to live in the everyday world at all, he was at least bound to it by one frail link, which yet was strong as a fetter of iron—love for his 'little girl.'

A look of exquisite relief passed over his face when after a moment or two she raised her head and smiled faintly at him. Then her glance travelled past him to the picture.

The old man made a movement as if to cover it, but she restrained him, keeping the hand she had seized firmly clasped in her own, while she continued to gaze at the picture without fear, but with a sort of puzzled, uncertain scrutiny.

It was of a man's head—the face probably of a Greek. The skin was olive-tinted, the features regular and delicate, and the hair curled closely in dark masses on the forehead. The wonderful part of the face, and that which made it *live*, and all but speak, was the light in the eyes. Large, clear, and forward fronting, they seemed to burn from under the dark brows, as though striving to utter things unspeakable. They made the whole expression of the face unutterably sad and hopeless. Tears gathered in Marie's eyes as she gazed.

'Where did you see this?' she asked in a whisper, but without looking away from the picture.

'In England first,' answered the old man; 'that is to say, something like it. It is a portrait of a real man—a man who once lived in this world, Marie—a portrait that was taken a

thousand years ago, perhaps—and found the other day on the case which enclosed the dead man's body.'

'Was it like this one?' Marie inquired, still in an awed whisper.

'As far as mere features go, yes, but hard and wooden and lifeless—just the kind of portrait a mechanical painter, who had never seen the man in life, might be expected to paint. This is how the man looks *alive*—this is how he looks *now*.'

Marie started, and glanced at the old man, but she did not ask for an explanation.

'Did you see this lately?' she asked again in a still lower voice.

He nodded.

There was silence for a long while. The light had nearly all faded out of the sky, and the room was filling with a soft gloom, but the mournful yet brilliant picture-eyes were still visible.

'Would you rather not tell me, Marie?' asked the old man at last, very gently.

'Yes, Dadda,' she returned. 'I want to, but I'm trying to find words. I can't think. Everything is confused.' She put her hand to her head. 'When I saw it,' she said, hesitating, 'something—*somebody* that I have forgotten for—how long is it?—ages and ages, it makes me giddy to think how long—came back into my mind. So many things came crowding back—the scent of flowers—a sea that was blue—ah! I can't tell you how blue!—a warm air coming in little soft gusts—and there was a man leaning over a marble seat beside me, and I'—she paused. 'So many things all at once, Dadda, that I was stupid, and felt faint. But I can't remember enough! Oh! *why* can't I remember?' she cried, piteously. 'That man—I have seen that face—there was a time when—ah! there it all goes again! It slips through my mind just when I think I'm remembering!'

Very tenderly, as lovingly as a woman, the old man soothed and quieted her till she was calm again.

'You will not want the picture, then?' he said, when at last she rose to go, and he stood wrapping her scarf carefully round her.

'Oh, yes—*yes!*' she cried, eagerly. Then, taking both his hands, 'Dadda,' she said, earnestly, looking straight into his eyes, 'I don't understand it yet, but I feel that you have given me a wonderful birthday present—the most precious birthday gift anyone could ever give me!'

CHAPTER II.

MAURICE.

THE blue summer days passed slowly, lingering regretfully as it seemed, each one dying wrapped in robes of amethyst, pearl, and rose, and melting imperceptibly into the deep night sky.

The dreamy golden haze, which at the close of another day wrapped the old city in a mystic charm, was just beginning to fade, when a young man turned into one of its narrow streets. The dark-timbered gabled houses with their projecting fronts made it seem as though twilight had already fallen in the street itself, though up above, the vanes and rafters were still gilded gloriously. The flagged pavements were almost deserted, and the young Englishman's footsteps rang out clear and quick with a sort of decisive sound. He stopped in front of one of the houses, and, stooping a little, entered at a dark wooden archway, quaintly carved with birds and beasts and flowers. The doorway led straight upon a flight of shallow stairs with a carved oaken hand-rail. On the right of the rail, and on a level with the topmost stair, was a little landing like a platform. The plastered wall was broken just here by a heavy oaken door studded with iron knobs, and adorned with a cunningly-wrought hanging bell-pull of iron.

Down below the shadows were deep, but the platform and the upper part of the staircase were lighted by a narrow latticed window, stone-mullioned, set in the thickness of the outer wall.

Just as the young man entered at the archway below, the oaken door opened, and Marie stood on the threshold. She lingered a moment at the door before closing it, and a glimpse of a beautiful room full of rich and dainty colour was revealed before it swung slowly after her.

The man at the foot of the stairs was hidden by the dark shadow of the arch. He stopped as the girl appeared, and silently watched her as she stood there above him. For a full minute she remained quite still, her face upraised, so that the lingering light from the window made it plainly visible from where he stood. There was something in its expression which startled him. A look of almost unearthly joy was in the eyes she raised to the quiet sky. A little tender smile played about her lips. It seemed as though a happiness—full, complete, perfectly satisfying—had

taken possession of her, and wrapped her round and lifted her out of herself—out of the world itself even.

The man who watched her frowned, and began to mount the stairs.

At the first sound of footsteps the girl started and leant over the balustrade. When she saw who it was, she drew back a little with a troubled glance; then she came to the head of the stairs.

'Maurice,' she said gently, 'I was wondering a little while ago whether you would come.'

'Yes; I've come to take you out into the air a little,' he answered discontentedly; 'that is, if you've finished that everlasting painting for to-day.'

'I'll come,' she answered, after the pause of a second. 'Wait only one moment.' She went into the room again, closing the door, while Maurice waited, leaning against the rail, on which he drummed impatiently.

The light from the staircase window revealed a square, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a somewhat dogged face and a pair of obstinate blue eyes. It could hardly be impatience of Marie's delay which made him frown again in still greater displeasure as he stood there, for in a moment she reappeared with some fleecy wrap round her.

'Let us go by the river, shall we?' she asked, as they went down the stairs together.

It was dusk before they reached the river path with its grassy edges. Lights from the dwellings on either bank, and from the bridges which spanned the stream, trembled brokenly in its depth. The water heaved gently, monotonously, in the uncertain light. Sounds of voices and laughter floated across it, soft in the distance. From the gardens near the bank the perfume of jessamine and syringa came in sweet strong waves. The air was warm and oppressive with a kind of brooding unnatural stillness.

'I shouldn't wonder if we had a storm,' Maurice said; 'it feels like thunder. You are very quiet to-night, Marie,' he complained at last, looking down at her, and trying to read her face in the twilight.

She did not reply for a moment; then, 'Let us sit down here,' she said presently.

They had come to a seat where the path widened a little. It was close against the slight fence of a garden, and the rose bushes put out long green arms and clasped it round about as though they wanted to draw it inside amongst the whispering trees.

Maurice put the girl's wrap more closely about her, but she stayed his hand.

'No—it is so warm—I can't breathe,' she said.

There was a long silence. Maurice moved about the pebbles and sand on the path impatiently with his stick. He was still frowning, though the darkness covered him. Evidently he wanted to say something, and to say it emphatically, but words were a long time coming with him, and it was Marie who spoke first.

'Maurice,' she began very gently, laying her hand timidly on his arm.

The young man covered it with his strong one immediately, and held it fast, though the girl tried to withdraw it.

'I want to say something to you.' She hesitated—her voice was trembling.

Maurice turned his head sharply. If it had been light enough, she would have seen that a determined gleam had come into his eyes.

'Yes?' he answered.

'It is so hard to say,' she faltered, 'yet I *must* say it. Maurice—I want you to set me free!'

There was silence. He could feel the little hand he held trembling. It was quite a minute before he answered; then the words came vehemently, incoherently.

'Look here, Marie!' he began. 'Don't let us have this all over again. You have told me frankly, and I honour you for it, that you don't care for me as much as I do for you. You think you don't love me—and you've told me so, and I'm willing to take the little I can get now, because I know you *will* in time. You are full of fancies. You—' he paused; the angry tone died out of his voice as he looked down at the little white figure shrinking against the corner of the seat. 'Dear,' he urged entreatingly, 'do trust me a little! Hasn't it all been arranged? I am to take care of you, and love you always. You are to come home with me, and you are to grow strong again and have a colour, and I'm going to teach you to ride and row and—— Marie, I won't have you talk such nonsense,' he added, growing warm again. 'You want someone to look after you. I want to do it, and I will!'

Marie did not speak at first. When she did, it was with a little cry.

'Oh, I know! I know!' she exclaimed. 'How cruel, how ungrateful I must seem to you! I can't even explain why I ask

you—because you wouldn't understand! Maurice,' she cried, earnestly, turning to him suddenly, and he could feel that her eyes were fixed on his face, 'has it never struck you how unfit we are to be married? We don't understand one another one bit—and we never should!' she added, hopelessly.

'I understand that it's the right thing for you to come away from here, and lead a more natural life—like any other girl—and I understand that I love you, Marie, and I want you, and you are to be my wife,' he replied, doggedly.

'Then *I* am to understand that you refuse to set me free?' inquired the girl, quietly.

'If you put it in that way—yes,' he said; 'but, Marie, I only want to make you happy!'

'And you do it by refusing me this thing that I implore of you!' she cried, despairingly. Then, with a change of tone, 'Maurice,' she began, 'you said the other day that I was to belong to you—that we were to belong to one another all our lives——'

'Yes, and I meant it.'

'But did you mean only in *this* life, or always?'

The young man laughed. 'This life is enough for me, little woman. I shall be quite satisfied to have you for my wife in this world. We'll let any other take care of itself—if there's one at all, which I doubt,' he added. 'Come, Marie, be sensible—you belong to me—and, dear, don't trouble your head about not loving me—that will come. I'm willing to wait.'

'Listen, Maurice!' she said solemnly, in a low tone. 'I want you to understand. I am willing to belong to you in *this* world, but *I will not belong to you in another*. You will have no claim on me then. Do you agree?'

Maurice laughed again. 'Where *did* you pick up all your absurd fancies, child? But I know,' he was beginning something angrily, then checked himself. 'Ah, well! We shall soon be out of this confounded place, and then——'

'I want your promise,' she interrupted, anxiously.

'All right, dear child. Agreed—since you insist upon what really doesn't matter. You are to be my wife in *this* world—is that it? That's all I care about.' He drew her to him, but she rose hastily.

'Come, let us go home,' she cried, shivering a little.

When they stood in the courtyard of the house where Marie lived—her studio was in a different part of the city—Maurice bent towards her again, but she put out both hands.

'No,' she said. 'Maurice, I'm so sorry, but I—can't.'

He drew himself up proudly, and was about to make some harsh reply, when he saw by the flickering light in the recess of the door how pale she was, and that her lips were trembling.

'Maurice,' she said, 'I—I don't want you to come and see me any more—just yet—not before my birthday. Will you come then? Come to the studio.'

He did not answer, but looked at her with an expression in which anger and tenderness struggled for the mastery.

'If you wish it—certainly,' he began, stiffly. Then, 'Marie—darling—you are ill—I know you are. Let me take you away soon—quite soon,' he implored.

For answer she gave him both hands. Tears were standing in her eyes. 'Good night, dear Maurice—Good-bye,' she said. 'I—I am not so ungrateful as you think. Will you remember that?' she begged, while the tears fell fast down her face.

Maurice kissed the little hands he held passionately.

'Good-bye,' he said.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDIO.

It was a week afterwards—on Marie's birthday—but late in the evening, when Maurice went once more to the studio.

In the days that had elapsed since he parted with her, there had been time for him to review her conduct, not once but many times, and to decide within himself that this sort of thing must be stopped at once—put down vigorously—no less for the girl's sake than for his own. He would not allow these caprices and fancies, he determined. Once for all, Marie must be shown that she could not act like a spoilt child with impunity! There had been time for pride and resentment to grow in the week he had promised to wait before seeing her, and this late visit on her birthday was a direct result of these feelings. It must be proved to Marie that he was no abject slave to dance attendance upon her whenever she chose to command—to submit humbly to be dismissed at will, and to rush back gratefully to her side at her first summons. No!—that was not his way at all! That would never do! All this and much more he had been repeating to himself the whole day by way of confirming his own resolutions not to

attempt to see her earlier. And this resolve he had firmly kept, though visions of those soft dark eyes of hers had haunted him persistently since early morning, forcing him to the unworthy weakness of wandering aimlessly about by the river where they had last walked together, and more than once almost impelling him to break his stern purpose. Would the day never pass? He was ashamed of his weakness, but the hours dragged so. Never had there been such a lingering sunset—never had the dusky twilight tarried so long.

Now, at last, day was well nigh done, and with quickening steps he was walking down the quiet street towards the studio.

As he neared it, all kinds of vague apprehensions suddenly assailed him. He had heard nothing of her for a week. 'Suppose she should be ill? Suppose—nonsense! She would have sent. I'm growing as fanciful as Marie herself!' he thought, with an impatient shrug.

Leaning against the outer doorway playing with another child was a little girl—a dark-eyed little maiden with a mass of curly hair. Maurice recognised her as one of the children who sometimes sat as models for Marie.

He stopped to speak to her, and, in spite of some inner self-contempt, asked her about 'the lady,' and felt a nervous thrill at his heart as he did so.

'Oh, yes!' She—Lottchen—had seen her 'only just a little while ago—perhaps an hour—perhaps two hours,' the child said vaguely. 'She had gone in there,' nodding towards the dark entrance, 'and she had some flowers—ever so many! She gave me some—look!' cried Lottchen, holding up a white rose proudly.

Maurice passed on with a sense of relief so great that it called forth another self-scorning ejaculation as he went up the stairs.

At the oaken door he stopped and knocked, waited a little, and then went in. The studio was empty; but Marie had another room in the house, he knew. She could not be long—he would wait here. He put down the case with the necklace he had brought her, and looked round with a little smile.

It was one of Marie's fancies, this room, and certainly it was very beautiful. Large and lofty it was, lighted by narrow mulioned windows with latticed panes. In the recesses on either side of the quaint fireplace, these were of stained glass of richest colouring. The room was a miracle of rich yet dainty colour altogether, with its little embroidered curtains half drawn over the lower window panes, its softly-gleaming hangings and draperies,

its books and many pictures. To-night, even Maurice, who regarded it usually with impatience as part of this 'Art' which he could not understand—of which he was vaguely jealous—to-night even Maurice was struck by its beauty. It seemed to be full of flowers. Tall lilies stood in white splendour on shelf and cabinet. There were purple velvet pansies, roses of crimson, pink, and cream, a wealth and dazzle of shining delicate leaves and buds and blossoms. The mellow radiance from hanging lamps already lighted about the room streamed softly down upon them.

Maurice smiled as he looked. 'She is an extravagant little girl, this little girl of mine,' he thought, tenderly. Somehow, all his anger had died, now that he was going to see her so soon. He began to pace up and down slowly on the soft thick rug which made his footsteps noiseless, musing as he walked. It was a year since he had known her. On looking back, it seemed like a dream-year. The quaint mediæval city, this girl, so different from all others as to be almost like an enchanted princess living alone in her splendour, her beauty, her sweetness. Yes! she was very fair and sweet, this girl.

'Such things don't happen to a man every day,' he thought, smiling to himself. 'It isn't often you get the luck to know a girl in this kind of way. A girl who has never heard of chaperons or conventionalities and proprieties—and who is a thousand times better and more charming without them!'

'But it's not good for her all the same,' he added, his thoughts reverting sternly to their ordinary channel. 'To know no one, not to care to know anyone, but that old nurse of hers, and a moonstruck old man!' He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

Then all this painting, too! Why, she's a real artist, they say. Yet what does she do with her pictures? Never sends them where they will be admired, and where she could turn them into money—that's *his* idea, I suppose, the old idiot! No, she shall go to England; she shall know plenty of people, girls of her own age. And I won't have very much of this painting business either!' he added, mentally.

But why didn't Marie come? She was a long time.

He walked about the room restlessly, stopping now and then to examine a picture, or take up a book. Presently his eyes fell on an easel at the far end of the studio; there was a canvas upon it, partly hidden by a silk scarf. He went near to look. The light fell upon it from a lamp above, covered by a faintly tinted shade,

In the midst of a grove of trees stood a white altar wreathed with flowers, with roses white and pink and yellow. Coming towards it, down marble steps, under shady olive trees, was a procession of youths and maidens; the girls in white draperies with fillets in their hair, playing upon musical instruments as they came. Before them walked a young man, dressed in the Grecian way, leading a girl by the hand. She, too, was in white robes, and her figure was slight and graceful; her face you could not see, for her lover was bending towards her in such a way as to hide it, but her long yellow hair fell over her shoulders, and touched his crisp curls. In the background, seen through a misty veil of leaves, was the glimpse of dark, deeply blue sea.

As Maurice looked, it seemed to him that he had seen the man's face before. Where had he seen it? He thought, but could not remember. . . .

It was strange that Marie did not come! He was growing impatient. He sat down and took up a book, put it down, and took two or three more turns up and down the room. It was strangely still. . . . The thick rug deadened all noise; not a sound floated up from outside. The heavy curtains over doors and windows hung straight and faintly gleaming; the lamps seemed to burn without a flicker, lighting up the silent delicate splendour of the flowers. The stillness was oppressive, and the air was heavy and sweet with the breath of lilies and roses. There was a strong subtle perfume which seemed to overpower even their fragrance, but Maurice could not tell from whence it came.

A faint unreasonable fear began to creep into the young man's heart; he felt that he dared not stir, dared not break by a movement the spell of silence which brooded over this perfume-laden place. With a great effort, the colour actually rushing to his face with shame, he managed to shake off the paralysing sensation.

'I'm no better than a silly girl,' he murmured contemptuously, crossing to look at the picture on the easel again.

As he bent to examine the man's face, the thought of where he had seen it before flashed upon him.

'Of course, Marie had copied it from that curious picture the old man had given her. Where was it now?' He looked round the walls in vain.

At the other end of the studio was a little recess separated from the rest of the room by an arch. Curtains of a dead gold colour hung over it. One of these was looped back, the other hung straight, concealing part of the alcove from the rest of the room.

A light was faintly burning in the recess ; perhaps the picture was there. More to force himself to action of some sort than out of any curiosity to see it, he crossed the room, and drew back the heavy curtain. . . . He stood in the archway, holding the folds in his hands, absolutely still for many minutes.

The picture hung just opposite, a lamp burnt before it, and the face, with its wonderful eyes, seemed to have emerged from the surrounding darkness. Beneath it was a black cabinet, with shelves and niches. In the faint subdued light of the recess, it looked not unlike an altar ; and this effect was heightened by the masses of white flowers with which it was loaded. White roses they seemed to be. The alcove was like a little chapel, with its swinging red lights and the flowers.

Kneeling beneath the picture, leaning against the dark altar, as it seemed, was Marie.

She was very still. Her dress was of some rich material, gleaming white, and made in quaint fashion. There were pearls round her throat, and in her yellow hair. Open before her lay a little book on which one hand rested. She was leaning with her head gently resting against the edge of the shelf above ; her loose hair had touched some of the roses there, and a shower of white petals had fallen upon it. Her lips were parted gently, in an unspeakably happy smile. One little white hand hung loosely at her side. Maurice stared at it mechanically, and then his eyes wandered to a bright spot near her dress. It was the opal ring he had given her, which lay on the floor. It had slipped from her finger—the ring was always a little large, he remembered—it seemed somehow an important thing for him to remember this. Slowly he let the curtain fall behind him and stooped to pick it up. Ah ! he had discovered whence that sweet penetrating scent came—and that was an important matter too. There were bowls of orange-blossom in this little room, there was a tiny piece of it fastened in Marie's dress.

He noticed all these things minutely, standing in the archway. It came upon him that she had been kneeling here, white and still, while he walked about the room behind the curtain, impatiently waiting for her. That seemed very strange. He thought of it a minute, and then shuddered a little. . . . She had been reading, for there was the book open before her.

He came and knelt down behind her, taking care not to touch even the hem of her garment—for she did not belong to him now,

he must remember that—and, looking over her shoulder, he read what she had been reading:—

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot ;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick set fruit ;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
Carve it with doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys ;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

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NETTA SYRETT.

*The Lions in Trafalgar Square.*¹

THE lions in Trafalgar Square are to me the centre of London. By those lions began my London work; from them, as spokes from the middle of a wheel, radiate my London thoughts. Standing by them and looking south you have in front the Houses of Parliament, where resides the mastership of England; at your back is the National Gallery, that is art, and farther back the British Museum, books. To the right lies the wealth and luxury of the West End; to the left the roar and labour, the craft and gold, of the City. For themselves they are the only monument in this vast capital worthy of a second visit as a monument. Over the entire area covered by the metropolis there does not exist another work of art in the open air. There are many structures and things, no other art. The outlines of the great animals, the bold curves and firm touches of the master hand, the deep indents, as it were, of his thumb on the plastic metal, all the *technique* and grasp written there, is legible at a glance. Then comes the *pose* and expression of the whole, the calm strength in repose, the indifference to little things, the resolute view of great ones. Lastly, the soul of the maker, the spirit which was taken from nature, abides in the massive bronze. These lions are finer than those that crouch in the cages at the Zoological Gardens; these are truer and more real, and, besides, these are lions to whom has been added the heart of a man. Nothing disfigures them; smoke and, what is much worse, black rain—rain which washes the atmosphere of the suspended mud—does not affect them in the least. If the choke-damp of fog obscures them, it leaves no stain on the design; if the surfaces be stained, the idea made tangible in metal is not. They are no more touched than Time itself by the alternations of the seasons. The only noble open-air work of native art in the four-million

¹ This, I fear, is the last paper that will appear in this Magazine above the signature of Richard Jefferies.—ED.

city, they rest there supreme and are the centre. Did such a work exist now in Venice, what immense folios would be issued about it! All the language of the studios would be huddled together in piled-up and running-over laudation, and curses on our insular swine-eyes that could not see it. I have not been to Venice, therefore I do not pretend to a knowledge of that mediæval potsherd; this I do know, that in all the endless pictures on the walls of the galleries in London, year after year exposed and disappearing like snow somewhere unseen, never has there appeared one with such a subject as this. Weak, feeble, mosaic, gimcrack, coloured tiles, and far-fetched compound monsters, artificial as the graining on a deal front door, they cannot be compared; it is the gingerbread gilt on a circus car to the column of a Greek temple. This is pure open air, grand as nature herself, because it is nature with, as I say, the heart of a man added.

But if anyone desire the meretricious painting of warm light and cool yet not hard shade, the effect of colour, with the twitching of triangles, the spangles glittering, and all the arrangement contrived to take the eye, then he can have it here as well as noble sculpture. Ascend the steps to the National Gallery, and stand looking over the balustrade down across the square in summer hours. Let the sun have sloped enough to throw a slant of shadow outward; let the fountains splash whose bubbles restless speak of rest and leisure, idle and dreamy; let the blue-tinted pigeons nod their heads walking, and anon crowd through the air to the roof-tops. Shadow upon the one side, bright light upon the other, azure above and swallows. Ever rolling the human stream flows, mostly on the south side yonder, near enough to be audible, but toned to bearableness. A stream of human hearts, every atom a living mind, filled with what thoughts?—a stream that ran through Rome once but has altered its course and wears away the banks here now and triturates its own atoms, the hearts, to dust in the process. Yellow omnibuses and red cabs, dark shining carriages, chestnut horses, all rushing, and by their motion mixing their colours so that the commonness of it disappears and the hues remain, a streak drawn in the groove of the street—dashed hastily with thick camel's hair. In the midst the calm lions, dusky, unmoved, full always of the one grand idea that was infused into them. So full of it that the golden sun and the bright wall of the eastern houses, the shade that is slipping towards them, the sweet swallows and the azure sky, all the human stream holds of wealth and power and

coroneted panels—nature, man, and city—pass as naught. Mind is stronger than matter. The soul alone stands when the sun sinks, when the shade is universal night, when the vans' wheels are silent and the dust rises no more.

At summer noontide when the day surrounds us and it is bright light even in the shadow, I like to stand by one of the lions and yield to the old feeling. The sunshine glows on the dusky creature, as it seems, not on the surface, but under the skin, as if it came up from out of the limb. The roar of the rolling wheels sinks and becomes distant as the sound of a waterfall when dreams are coming. All the abundant human life is smoothed and levelled, the abruptness of the individuals lost in the flowing current, like separate flowers drawn along in a border, like music heard so far off that the notes are molten and the theme only remains. The abyss of the sky over and the ancient sun are near. They only are close at hand, they and immortal thought. When the yellow Syrian lions stood in old time of Egypt, then, too, the sunlight gleamed on the eyes of men, as now this hour on mine. The same consciousness of light, the same sun, but the eyes that saw it and mine, how far apart! The immense lion here beside me expresses larger nature—cosmos—the ever-existent thought which sustains the world. Massiveness exalts the mind till the vast roads of space which the sun tramples are as an arm's length. Such a moment cannot endure long; gradually the roar deepens, the current resolves into individuals, the houses return, it is only a square.

But a square potent. For London is the only *real* place in the world. The cities turn towards London as young partridges run to their mother. The cities know that they are not real. They are only houses and wharves, and bricks and stucco; only outside. The minds of all men in them, merchants, artists, thinkers, are bent on London. Thither they go as soon as they can. San Francisco thinks London; so does St. Petersburg. Men amuse themselves in Paris; they work in London. Gold is made abroad, but London has a hook and line on every napoleon and dollar, pulling the round discs hither. A house is not a dwelling if a man's heart be elsewhere. Now the heart of the world is in London, and the cities with the simulacrum of man in them are empty. They are moving images only; stand here and you are real.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

The Wild Flowers of Selborne.

ONE hundred years have passed away since Gilbert White was laid to rest in Selborne churchyard, and those years have been years of gigantic strides in the study of botany. In White's day botany as a science can be hardly said to have existed; and so it is not surprising to find that he considered it 'needless work' to enumerate all the plants of his neighbourhood. However, in the Forty-first Letter to Daines Barrington he gives a short list of the rarer and more interesting plants, together with the spots where they were to be found. It is the purpose of the present paper to compare the botany of Selborne as chronicled by Gilbert White in 1778 with what we know of it to-day. The writer is intimately acquainted with nearly every spot immortalised by the veteran naturalist; he has spent many hours, during a period of over ten years, in wandering about the fields and copses and hollow lanes of the parish of Selborne, and not the least-valued specimens in his herbarium, once grew on that classic ground.

The most striking feature in the scenery of the parish is undoubtedly the 'Hanger,' covered now, as in White's time, with beeches, the most beautiful, as he thought them, of forest trees. The zigzag path up the face of the hill is still crowned by the Wishing-stone, from which, in clear weather, a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained; the horizon is bounded by the Southdowns, and the waters of Wolmer Pond gleam in the distance. In wet seasons, the soil of the zigzag being chalk, the path is so slippery as to be almost dangerous. In early summer the dog-rose puts forth its delicate blossoms, and the long stems of honeysuckle scramble over the bushes. Later on the autumnal gentian, or fellwort, may be found.

Down below, a little further along the ridge of the hill, may be seen, through a gap made by some winter storm in the dense forest of beech-trees, the house in which White lived. There it

nestles in the valley, beneath the shadow of the 'beech-grown hill'; altered, indeed, by the hand of restoration, and enlarged considerably beyond its former dimensions, but yet, in part at least, just as the old naturalist left it. The wing which contained his study and bedroom remains untouched. The old staircase is still there. You may see the room in which he slept, with a heavy beam running across the ceiling, and the windows looking out on to the Hanger. Outside on the lawn stands the ancient sun-dial, while the brick pathway—four bricks wide—still runs out into the meadow beyond. This pathway formerly led to a summer-house, which unfortunately was allowed to go to ruin, and no trace of it now remains. Not far off, among the long grass of the meadow, the leaves of the wild tulip may at the right season be found, but it is many years since a flower has been seen. In the summer of 1780 a pair of honey-buzzards built their nest upon a tall slender beech near the middle of the Hanger, and from the summer-house below White could watch them at their work. Here, too, the fern-owls or goatsuckers sailed by in the evening twilight; and one summer a pair of hoopoes frequented the spot. On the Hanger still flourishes, as it flourished a hundred years ago, though not in such abundance, the stinking hellebore, or setterwort. This handsome plant may often be seen in shrubberies and garden-walks, but in a wild state it is not often met with. In the good old times it seemed to be much sought after by those learned in the properties of herbs. 'The good women,' says White, 'give the leaves powdered to children troubled with worms; but,' he adds, 'it is a violent remedy, and ought to be administered with caution.' As late as 1845 a child died at Southampton from the effects of this so-called remedy, administered by its grandmother. The name 'setterwort' reveals another curious use of this plant. 'Husbandmen,' says old Gerard, are used to make a hole, and put a piece of the root into the dewlap of their cattle, as a *seton*, in cases of diseased lungs, and this is called pegging or *setting*.' Among the brushwood, on the top of the hill, there grew in White's time the *Daphne Mezereum*. This handsome shrub, with its pink fragrant flowers, which appear in early spring before the leaves, may often be seen in gardens in the neighbourhood, but on Selborne Hanger it is no longer to be found. The last plant has been removed into some cottage garden. The spurge laurel, with its evergreen crown of shining leaves and dark poisonous berries, is everywhere abundant. In the month of August, the sickly-looking yellow *Monotropa*, or bird's-nest,

may be found in plenty under the shady beeches ; and about the same time, or a little later, that rare orchis, the violet helleborine, will be in flower. This plant is, perhaps, to a botanist the most interesting of the Selborne Flora. The trade of a truffle-hunter is all but extinct. Now and then a man comes round with truffles for sale, but not often. The last of the old race died not long since in a hamlet within a few miles of Selborne. A hundred years ago truffles abounded, White tells us, in the Hanger and High Wood. They probably abound now at the right seasons, but the supply from France having swamped the English market, the search for them has become no longer profitable. And so the profession of truffle-hunting is gone.

In the churchyard the ancient yew-tree, 'probably coeval with the church,' sheds its pollen in clouds of dust every spring. The trunk measured upwards of twenty-three feet in circumference in White's time ; in 1823 Cobbett found it to be twenty-three feet eight inches ; it has now increased to twenty-five feet two inches. This is among the largest yew-trees in Hampshire. On the north side of the chancel a small head-stone marks the spot where the old naturalist lies. His grave is in keeping with the beautiful simplicity of his life. No modern monument covers, with ostentatious vulgarity, his last resting-place ; only a head and foot-stone ; on the former, under two feet in height, is inscribed the letters 'G. W.', and the date, 'June 26, 1793.' Between the low lichen-covered stones not even a mound is raised, but the grass waves about him, and the daisies blow.

From the churchyard a path leads down the Lyth, towards the old Priory, about a mile distant. The Priory was dissolved by Henry VIII., and not a stone of it remains. The site is now occupied by a modern farmhouse, known as the Priory Farm. In the garden a stone coffin may be seen, and a few encaustic tiles, but no further trace of the Augustinian convent meets the eye. The path down the valley is most picturesque, and was a favourite walk of Gilbert White. In one of his poems he thus speaks of it :—

Adown the vale, in lone, sequestr'd nook,
Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling brook,
The ruin'd convent lies ; here wont to dwell
The lazy canon midst his cloister'd cell ;
While Papal darkness brooded o'er the land
Ere Reformation made her glorious stand :
Still oft at eve belated shepherd-swains
See the cowl'd spectre skim the folded plains,

Now, as when those lines were written, the wild everlasting pea climbs among the brambles of the hedgerow, and in the copse beyond the small teasel still grows in abundance, together with herb-paris, and orpine or live-long. Several species of orchis may be found in the meadow, including the green-winged orchis, so called from the strongly-marked green veins of the sepals, and the twayblade. The curious bird's-nest orchis, with its tangled mass of short, fleshy root-fibres, supposed to resemble a bird's nest, flowers in June beside the pathway, while just within the shadow of the trees sweet woodruff grows. Later on large patches of musk mallow will be out in the meadow. One plant, not mentioned by White, but now to be found in great abundance in a swampy piece of meadow land down the valley, is the bistort (twice twisted) or snake-weed, so called on account of its large twisted roots. It is a handsome plant, with its cylindrical spike of flesh-coloured flowers, and of rare occurrence in the neighbourhood, and, had it existed in its present locality in the last century, could hardly have escaped White's notice. Another plant not mentioned is the snowdrop, which blossoms freely every spring in a wood hard by. In the damper parts of the valley near the stream the common soft rush is very abundant; this is the plant which a hundred years ago was gathered for the purpose of making candles, the process of which is fully described by White in one of his letters. Here, too, the red spikes of *rumex* mingle with the white flowers of meadow-sweet and the purple blossoms of thistle and self-heal, while the air is full of the scent of water-mint. On the rising ground, in an open part of the wood which overshadows the valley, large patches of flowering willow are in blossom, and the large rose-coloured flowers make a fine show against the dark green background. The red thread-like stems of the creeping cinquefoil trail all over the ground, and star the pathway through the wood with their showy yellow flowers.

The 'hollow lanes' present an even more rugged appearance than they did in White's time. He then described them as 'more like watercourses than roads, and as bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields, and after floods and in frosts exhibit very grotesque and wild appearances.' These hollow lanes are no longer used as thoroughfares, a new road to Alton having been made some years ago. In places it is hardly now possible even to walk along them, so overgrown are they with rank herbage. Here and there boughs of hazel, ash, or maple

meet overhead, while coarse *umbelliferae* and the tangled stems of briar and dog-rose block up the narrow way. In places the perpendicular sides, often eighteen feet high, are bare of herbage, and present a naked surface of white freestone, broken by the gnarled roots of pollard-trees, and split in every direction by the winter's frost. Where the sunlight can penetrate these gloomy hollows, flowers soon open their bright petals, and purple fox-gloves and the yellow St. John's wort lend colour to the scene. In early spring the golden saxifrage blooms freely as it did a hundred years ago, and on the very spot where Gilbert White found the green hellebore the plant still maintains a flourishing existence. The tutsan, so precious to the old herbalists, may also be found in the rocky lanes, and ferns now as then abound. But though abundant they are confined comparatively to but few species; and the rare moonwort, which used to grow at Selborne, has not been seen for many years. At a turn in the lane a covey of young partridges arose and flew into the standing corn, and overhead a peewit attracted attention by its dismal cry. To the large upland fields, which are still ploughed by oxen, the stone-curlew, or Norfolk plover, returns every year, and lays its eggs on the open fallow.

The Forest of Wolmer, three-fifths of which before the formation of the parish of Blackmoor lay in the parish of Selborne, is full of interest to the naturalist. Though now partially enclosed and planted with oak and larch trees, snipe and teal continue to breed there in considerable numbers; and occasionally, especially in hard winters, rarer wild-fowl are seen. White enumerates but few of the forest plants; he mentions, however, four as growing in the bogs of Bin's Pond. Of these, the round-leaved and the long-leaved sundew still exist in abundance; and the wiry stems of the [creeping bilberry, with its bright red flowers and small evergreen leaves, of which the margins are always rolled back, may also be found, but not in any quantity; while the marsh cinquefoil has altogether disappeared. The fruit of the creeping bilberry makes excellent tarts, and in places where the plant is plentiful is much sought after. At Langtown, on the borders of Cumberland, it is said to form no inconsiderable article of trade. Whortleberries—first-cousins to cranberries—known in the district as 'whorts,' abound on 'the dry hillocks of Wolmer Forest,' and are gathered by the gipsies and sold in the towns and villages. Hound's-tongue, a stout plant with lurid purple flowers, and a strong disagreeable smell like that of mice, grows in several parts

of the forest; and in one particular spot a few plants of white horehound, covered, as its name suggests, with white woolly down, and strongly aromatic—once a famous remedy for coughs—may be found, together with a few specimens of motherwort, a plant rarely met with in the neighbourhood. In some places a North American plant, with perfoliate leaves and small white flowers, called *Claytonia*, after an American botanist, has established itself; and once a specimen of dame's violet was found. In spring the pretty little Teesdalia covers the sandy heath; and on a bank the tower mustard grows, and the rare—at least about Selborne—hoary cinquefoil. On a 'hanger' in a neighbouring parish thousands of golden daffodils dance and flutter in the breeze every spring, and people come for miles round to gather them. At the foot of the 'Hanger,' in a small wet copse, the lungwort grows. This particular copse is full of it, but you may search every other wood in the neighbourhood in vain: you will not find it. The flowers somewhat resemble the cowslip, only their colour is purple; some people call the plant the Jerusalem cowslip. Its usual name of *lungwort* is derived from the appearance of the leaves, which, being spotted, were supposed by the old herbalists, in accordance with the 'doctrine of signatures,' to be a sovereign remedy for diseased lungs. As the knotty tubers of *Scrophularia* proclaimed it to be good for scrofulous glands, so the spotted leaves of *Pulmonaria* (from the Latin *pulmo*, a lung) showed it to be a specific for tuberculous lungs. Not far from the copse in which the lungwort grows is an old disused chalk-pit, and in this pit the deadly nightshade is found. It is the most dangerous of British poisonous plants. The dark purple berries, as large as cherries, are tempting to children, and fatal cases of poisoning sometimes occur. This is supposed to have been the plant which occasioned such disastrous consequences to the Roman troops when retreating from the Parthians, as related by Plutarch in his life of Mark Antony. It is probably 'the insane root' of Shakespeare, which 'takes the reason prisoner.' Fortunately, it is a plant of rare occurrence, and when found is mostly in the neighbourhood of ruins.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

Mrs. Juliet.

BY MRS. ALFRED W. HUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

'SATISFY HER SOMEHOW.'

Women with women can work best alone.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

MR. GERARD went back to the Freemans feeling miserably anxious and unhappy. His own disposition was so honest and open, and his code of honour so rigid, that Juliet's conduct seemed to him the height of meanness and treachery. She had quietly allowed her aunt to believe that Mr. Clifton had been with her, whereas it was Mr. Congreve, a man suspected and disliked by Mrs. Caradoc—a man whom she herself was under a solemn promise not to see or speak to when alone. Such baseness was monstrous! A girl who would do that would do anything! He was resolved to have some serious conversation with her on this subject the following day if he could but find an opportunity of seeing her alone. Meantime he repented him of his rashness in performing that marriage ceremony. He could not sleep; he could only toss about on his bed, long for the day, and extract what comfort he might from the reflection that it was the last of his visit to London. When that one day was over, he would return to Limberthwaite and his beloved wife.

He was, however, to do that sooner than he anticipated, for his wife was ill, and a telegram summoned him at once. This was more than enough to banish all thought of Juliet's misdemeanour from his mind, and not until another telegram had been handed into the railway carriage to him when he was already half way home, and he learnt that the illness was well-nigh over, was he able to feel any regret that he could now do nothing to guard

Juliet from herself. It was impossible for him to write to her except on indifferent matters. She herself had told him that Mrs. Caradoc was apt to insist on seeing all letters from common friends, and that he was such a favourite of the old lady's that she was certain to ask to see his. How was he to communicate with her—how utter the words of warning which were so much needed?

After a while he began to hope that he was disquieting himself without a cause. Things often looked strange, and then a few words of explanation made the suspecting person ashamed of his suspicions. This would be the case now. Mr. Gerard was almost sure of it, and sure also that he would never have suspected Juliet at all if her aunt had not so frequently informed him that she was a *rusé* girl—so true is the homely saying that no one can fling mud at anyone without some of it sticking.

While Mr. Gerard was speeding home to his wife Mrs. Caradoc was confined to her room by a sudden attack of something that threatened to be acute bronchitis. Bronchitis was the enemy which she knew to be lying in wait at the gates of her life, and she never neglected any means of defence. Clements, Juliet, Dorothy, and a big steam kettle were each and all in a state of activity in her room, and whenever her cough was allayed, and she felt well enough to speak, she informed them that whatever was being done for her was being ill done.

'I ought to be up and about to look after things for myself,' she said. 'None of you seem to have the least head—none of you seem to know how to do the very simplest thing! If only I could sit up myself, I could make that kettle give out twice the amount of steam that all of you do—and I would see that it was a wholesomer kind of steam too. And there's another reason why I ought to be up: Juliet, have you forgotten who is coming to-day at four? You can't have forgotten about Sir Gregory Jervaulx! He is coming, and it will be so awkward when he asks to see me and hears he can't. He is coming by appointment; you must see him, Juliet.'

'Oh no, aunt; don't ask me to do that. He can easily come again.'

'You *shall* see him——' she began, but was choked by her cough.

Clements looked appealingly at Juliet, and whispered: 'Miss Juliet, you really must do as your aunt wishes; you must not contradict her.'

Mrs. Caradoc had very quick ears, and said at once: 'I don't require you to take my part, Clements. She shall see him! Why should she not receive one of my guests when I am not well enough to do it myself?' And then, after another severe attack of coughing, she struggled to add: 'I can't conceive why you should make so much difficulty about seeing a gentleman for me to-day, Juliet. You made none at all yesterday—quite the contrary, indeed.'

'Say no more, aunt; I will see anyone you like,' said Juliet, who was deeply mortified that this conversation should take place before the servants.

'So much the better!' said Mrs. Caradoc faintly. 'Go away now; you only make me cough. Clements, go and tell Richard that Sir Gregory Jervaulx is to be here at four, and that Miss Caradoc will receive him.'

At four the baronet arrived with a large bunch of Marshal Niel roses in his hand—they scented the whole room. His gait was elastic, his eyes bright with expectation, his costume carefully chosen. Juliet had decided what to do if he made her an offer of marriage. In strict confidence she would take the extreme step of telling him that she was married already, and entreat him to help her to escape her aunt's anger for putting an end to his suit, by pretending that he had never had any feeling stronger than friendship. She was almost certain that he was enough of a gentleman to respond to this call on his chivalry, and she had, therefore, little fear.

'Your dear good aunt is ill, I hear,' he said, as he gracefully sank into a chair, still tightly clasping the Marshal Niels, which Juliet could not but admire. He had brought them for her, and she would accept them, though she could accept nothing more. 'I am so grateful to you for receiving me in her absence; it is most kind.'

'Oh, she wished it,' Juliet hastened to say; 'in fact, she insisted on it.'

'No, really! She insisted!' he exclaimed, contrary to Juliet's expectations looking much delighted. Then he smiled a crooked little smile of latent triumph into the Marshal Niel roses, and was silent a moment, as if revelling in thoughts sweeter still than the flowers. Presently he looked up and said in a half-deprecatory manner: 'Miss Juliet, you can sympathise with me, I know. You don't put me outside the pale of your interest just because I am no longer very young. You must see for yourself that when a man

is as much carried away as I am, he is, whatever his years may be, young enough to love.'

Juliet had thought that it would be so easy to stop what he was going to say by telling him all. Now she felt that this would be almost impossible; his earnestness checked her, and she stood not knowing what to say.

'You can scarcely be ignorant of my feelings, dear Miss Juliet?' he observed.

'No,' she replied, taking courage; 'no, I am not. I might have been, for you and I have not met often; but my aunt knew you better, and told me——'

'Your aunt! Then she knows?'

'Yes, someone told her, or gave her a hint.'

'And she views my suit with favour? Oh, Miss Juliet, speak!'

'Yes, she does, but——'

'Oh, don't say "but——" I may dare to hope—say that I may dare to hope.'

'Oh no, indeed I must not say that. I feel most friendly to you, but——'

'“But——” again! And yet you are saying so much more than I dared to expect. If you feel friendly about this, you can help me so much. You will help me, I know. She is ill—very ill, perhaps. Take her these flowers. Tell her how grieved I am to hear of her suffering, and bring me some comforting little message downstairs just to show me that she is not indifferent to me. Ah! love is the best and happiest thing in the whole world. Life would be a desert without it, but there is no denying that it gives one many a moment of sharp misery.'

Juliet never knew how she recovered from the sudden shock of this discovery of the true state of his affections. It was the Marshal Niel roses that saved her. Whenever he said anything especially tender he dipped his face among them, and enjoyed the intensity of his affection and their perfume together. So it was her aunt whom he loved—her poor, dear, odd old aunt!

'You do not dislike the idea of this?' he asked at last, for he began to observe her shortcomings in the matter of replies. 'I had hoped that you were, as you said just now, friendly to me and my suit.'

'I? Oh, I don't dislike it. I feel quite friendly. Why should I not be?' said Juliet, who was still much bewildered,

'Because our very dear friend upstairs is richly endowed with all the good things of this world, and has always stood in the relation of mother to you. You might think that if she married me it would make a difference to you. But it never should. I give you my solemn word, it never should. I love her entirely for her own dear self. Her character is one I have an intense admiration for. Her disposition suits me to a nicety. No, if she had been penniless, the only difference it would have made would have been that I should have loved her still more.'

It was odd, but these protestations were the first things which made Juliet doubt the singleness of his motives. She felt certain that if he wanted to marry that poor, dear, cross old woman upstairs it was for her money.

'You ought to say all this to my aunt,' she said gaily, for it amused her to think of the reception he would receive if he did. 'It is a shame to waste it on me.'

'I like you to know what I feel. It will make you more ready to help me, I know, for I can see that you have a kind heart. Will you do something for me now? Will you take her these poor flowers, and say that they are from me? and will you be so good as to watch her face, and tell me exactly how she looks?'

'When I give them, do you mean?' asked Juliet.

'Yes; but I want to know how she looks anyhow—at other moments, I mean; be sure to observe that. I do feel so anxious about her. Bronchitis is such a treacherous enemy.'

Juliet went. As she opened her aunt's door she was checked by the steam of the bronchitis-kettle. Clements came quickly forward to meet her, raised a warning finger, and drew her gently outside.

'Asleep?' said Juliet softly.

'No, not asleep, but not so well. You had better go in, Miss Juliet, or she will hear us whispering, and think that something has happened; but don't say a word to vex her, or you will make her cough. That cough of hers exhausts her so.'

'Is that Juliet?' inquired the sick woman.

Juliet stepped forward. Mrs. Caradoc studied her face with great anxiety. Was she just a poor little waif and stray of a dependent left behind by the departed Cradock, or was she a baronet's betrothed bride? That was what the invalid lady tried to discover in her face.

'Let my niece come nearer to me,' said Mrs. Caradoc to her servants, and then they knew that something in the aspect of the

young lady had given satisfaction to the old one. When Mrs. Caradoc was displeased with Juliet she never said 'my niece'—then she was coldly spoken of as the niece of the late Mr. Cradock.

'Well, Juliet?' said Mrs. Caradoc interrogatively. 'Let me hear anything you have to tell me.'

Juliet did not seem able to speak, but looked so happy that surely some great piece of good fortune must have befallen her.

'You look very happy, my dear!' said the old lady kindly. 'You seem very much pleased about something.'

Juliet hesitated. Clements whispered: 'Don't you go and say anything to vex her, Miss Juliet, whichever way things may be. Why not let her think that they are going just as she wishes? She can't bear any disappointment. If you have bad news to tell, or what she will think bad, keep it back for a while.'

'Clements, I can hear what you are saying! How dare you whisper? What do you know about what I can bear and what I call bad news or not? Have you any bad news, Juliet? If you have, let me hear it. I am not so easily knocked down as Clements wants you to believe. Speak out.'

'I have no bad news, aunt. On the contrary, I have some very good news.'

'And you are happy?'

'Yes, I am happy.'

'Ah, I thought all would end well,' said Mrs. Caradoc as soon as her cough would let her speak.

'It hasn't ended yet. You are the only person who can end it.'

'Oh, he wants me to settle some money on you—he wants a sum down with you. I don't wonder at that, and I'll certainly do what I can,' replied the old lady cheerily.

'Oh no, it is not that. I didn't mean that at all,' exclaimed Juliet in the greatest confusion. 'My dear aunt, you are under a complete mistake from the beginning to the end.'

'What can you mean, child?' exclaimed Mrs. Caradoc. She looked quite alarmed, tried to raise herself in bed, and brought on a severe fit of coughing.

'Miss Juliet!' cried Clements in her despair, 'you really ought to consider what you are doing! I don't believe Miss Juliet knows what she is saying, ma'am. She is so happy, she can't steady her mind to anything that doesn't concern herself. Don't ask her any more questions just now. You have only to look at her to see how happy she is. She is not like the same girl.'

That was true. Even Mrs. Caradoc could see that it was.

'I really must entreat you to say no more, ma'am,' said Clements to her mistress. 'It is as much as your life's worth to begin such talks as this now. Miss Juliet might have more sense! Do lie quiet, ma'am. Miss Juliet is not going out of the house. You can see her again after you have had some rest.' So saying, Clements, who really was uneasy about Mrs. Caradoc, tried to draw Juliet out of the room.

'Wait till I give my aunt these flowers, Clements,' said she. 'Sir Gregory Jervaulx brought them for you, aunt. Are you pleased with them? He would like to know, I am sure.'

'Ah, Juliet, what a roosy girl you are! And he is roosy too. He wants to put the rich old aunt in a good humour. Say I am delighted with them. Say that they have put me in a splendid humour. It is true,' said she, 'for I am so pleased with what I have learnt from you.'

'You have learnt nothing,' began Juliet in alarm. 'You fan——'

But Clements put a stop to any more of this in a moment, by forcibly dragging Juliet out of the room. When they were both outside and the door shut, she said: 'Have you taken leave of your senses, Miss Juliet? You won't have an aunt long if you are not more careful to humour her when she is ill! Let her think what she likes just now. What harm does it do you or anyone? It's only for a day or two.'

'You seem to know all about everything, Clements,' remarked Juliet rather indignantly. 'I really wonder how you get to know so much!'

'You must not mind that, miss. You know how she talks to me and tells me things of all kinds, good and bad, but they never go farther for me. I never repeat anything.'

Juliet still looked perturbed, so Clements continued: 'And it's not as if my knowing things was not a very good thing for you, Miss Juliet. Many's the time she has wanted to send for her lawyer when she has been vexed with you, to get him to cut you out of her will. Sometimes she does get it done, but I always get her to put you back again when she comes to.'

Juliet did not seem to know how to take this. Like most girls, she detested talk about wills.

'She has nothing to be vexed about now.'

'Well, I don't know, I'm sure. If you were to say that you had refused Sir Gregory she would get into one of her biggest

passions, and send off to Mr. Trafford to make him cut you out of her will, and then perhaps her bronchitis would get worse and carry her off before she had come round and made a new one, and you'd be left without a penny in the world.'

'But I have friends——'

'Oh yes, you have now. If you have a friend at the bank, or in your pocket, you have always plenty of good friends everywhere else; but where are they if you are poor? Nowhere at all! That's what makes me so anxious to keep you quiet till she has got the turn. And then I have myself to think about. Miss Juliet, you don't know what anxious work it is for me.'

Clements began to cry and could say no more.

Juliet was melted in a moment. 'Dear Clements, you have been like a mother to me. I should have been miserable if it had not been for you. But I haven't refused Sir Gregory. I——'

'You may do what you like about him so far as I am concerned,' said the family lawgiver, 'but don't cross your aunt while she is ill—at least, if you refuse him, don't let her know it. She wants you to see everything with her eyes, and there is no occasion for you to walk up to her sick-bedside and say you can't and won't! You might kill her, you might. I believe it would kill her if she got into one of her passions.'

'But she doesn't understand, and you don't either. Everything is completely different from what either of you think.'

'Never mind that. Let her think what she likes and say what she likes now. Satisfy her somehow, and then leave things alone. Miss Juliet, it is twenty years since I came to your aunt, and I have not lived with her all that time without having to manage her for her own good now and then.'

'I don't like managing people, and she will have to know the truth some time. Clements, I must go back to Sir Gregory. He will tire of waiting if I stay away any longer.'

She went, and Clements said: 'Miss Juliet has gone back to Sir Gregory, ma'am. She didn't tell you that he was sitting downstairs waiting patiently till she came back, but he was. You see it is all right, ma'am.'

'Yes, I suppose it is all right,' remarked Mrs. Caradoc. 'Well, if she is happy, so am I. He is just a little old for her, but I call it a very favourable engagement, and I think the solemnisation had better take place in July.'

She lay quite still for a long time thinking about this, and

then said: 'Clements, it would be rather nice to write a few lines to that dear good old Mr. Gerard at Limberthwaite. It would be a pleasure to him to know of Juliet's happy prospects.'

'I wouldn't write now, ma'am. You had much better wait until you can tell him more about it,' suggested Clements.

'Oh no! I feel like doing it now. He must come to marry her, of course, and he ought to be asked at once.'

'You will bring on that fainty feeling again. You——'

'She will write if I don't, and I want to have the telling of it myself. Bring the writing things, and I will dictate a few words.'

'I can't do it now. My spectacles are all clouded over with the steam of that kettle. I have to take and wipe them every single minute.'

'Well, if you won't, you won't,' replied Mrs. Caradoc, who often yielded slavishly to Clements.

'I will as soon as you are well, and that steam kettle is gone.'

'I may never be well. That's the Almighty, you see,' said Mrs. Caradoc mournfully. 'Just listen to my cough. Oh, Clements, it would be hard to have to die now. I have such a wish to live to see my next half-year's dividends come in.'

'I wonder what the feeling of having dividends is like,' said Clements, who thought that she might just as well improve the occasion. 'I don't suppose that I shall ever know it.'

'Oh yes, you will!' replied Mrs. Caradoc; 'you and everyone else who behaves well to me will, when I am dead and gone, find that I have been generous and grateful. Do you think I shall recover this time, Clements?'

'Recover! I am sure you will, ma'am, but I advise you not to talk quite so much. Just lie still and rest, and when Miss Juliet comes in, if I were you, I wouldn't hurt my chances of getting well by asking her any questions,' and as she spoke Clements smiled grimly, for her own deceitful ways for Mrs. Caradoc's 'good' amused even herself.

'Clements, you think me far worse than you say—perhaps Sir Gregory does the same. Perhaps he expects this attack to carry me off, and leave Mr. Cradock's niece a rich heiress. That's how men are. Who knows what he may have in his head? Thank you for your warning. I will try to disappoint that man if I can. I won't speak—I won't ask any questions—I will do nothing till I am really well.'

'Indeed, ma'am, you are wrong—that was not at all what I was thinking,' explained Clements in some alarm; but Mrs. Caradoc shook her head in token that now she understood all not another word should pass her lips.

'Poor lady!' thought the maid; 'what a true saying it is that "wealth makes wit waver." Well, the main thing is to keep her in good humour with Miss Juliet, and everyone else whose name is likely to be in that will of hers. If she gets into one of her rages with any of us, her first thought will be to send post haste for Mr. Trafford to alter it, and if she alters one part she always alters all. That's her way.'

It was her way, and that being the case, the anxiety of the lady's-maid, who had of late, whenever her mistress was pleased with her, been informed that her name was down for a handsome sum in the will then existing, may be readily conceived. Love for Juliet contributed something to her ardent desire to keep peace, but love for herself a thousand times more. It would be most terrible, she thought, to see Mr. Trafford enter the sick room, and know that when he left it that wholly satisfactory clause might have disappeared. She worked herself up to the pitch of thinking that there was no duty so pressing as that which now seemed to be assigned to her to perform—that of stopping Mrs. Caradoc having occasion to make a new will. It would be perfectly sinful to let a poor lady whose heart was in the right place, though her temper was so very uncertain, execute a document under the influence of anger which would by no means represent her real wishes. New wills were always dangerous, but doubly so to-day, when she was so ill; for a document executed this day might not, as so many others had been, be a mere gratification of passing ill-humour, but remain to work evil as Mrs. Caradoc's positively last will and testament.

It was a day of many alarms to Clements. About an hour after she had succeeded in silencing Juliet she heard Mrs. Caradoc saying something in a low voice, and going nearer caught the words:—

'Clements, if you think that Sir Gregory has designs on any money I may leave Miss Juliet, I had much better either leave her none at all or tie it up very securely.'

'I don't think he has. He is quite an honourable gentleman.'

'Still, it ought to be tied up. Send the carriage to bring Mr. Trafford.'

'You will only exhaust yourself.'

'It is my duty. I must do my duty by what Mr. Cradock bequeathed to me.'

'Not to-day, ma'am. Don't try to do anything to-day.'

'But I mayn't be able to do it to-morrow. Send the carriage as I said.'

Hereupon Clements burst into tears. She knew that she had a good legacy in the will that was made—she knew that she would have none in the next.

'What is the matter? What are you going on like that for?'

Clements had a blissful inspiration. She would turn the accident of her tears to good account. She hid her face in her hands, and said with much weeping and many sobs: 'It's because I see you want to go and kill yourself! I have been taking such pains to nurse you round, and you have been so ill—so much worse than I have let you know—and now, when you are all but out of danger, you are going to make yourself worse than ever with fussing about Mr. Trafford and wills! And I don't suppose you have left Miss Juliet so much that it is anything like worth while to kill yourself for the sake of stopping its going to her husband.'

'Kill myself, Clements?'

'Yes, kill yourself! If you, ma'am, ill as you now are, go through the fatigue and fuss of making a new will for a trifle like that, no good nursing of mine will ever bring you round again, and it's enough to make anyone cry, it is!'

'My dear Clements,' cried Mrs. Caradoc, quite forgetting the low tones she had been forcing herself to use, 'it won't hurt me—it really won't—and I had no idea you loved me so much! I haven't left you half enough. Do send for Mr. Trafford, if it is only to set that right.'

For one moment Clements was sorely tempted, but she knew her mistress too well to listen even to that, and did not cease to weep and lament, until she alarmed Mrs. Caradoc and gained her point.

CHAPTER VIII.

'QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE.'

Now we are alone, sir ;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burden
Which thou groans't under, speak thy grief.

MASSINGER.

THE rectory at Limberthwaite was not one of the so-called Queen Anne's houses which no clergyman's cure of souls now seems to think it ought to be without. It was a long, low, yellow-washed house with wide small-paned windows, heavily framed in roses and honeysuckle, and a roof of thick slate, so old that it was all greenish-gold and purply-grey. Full-breasted pigeons sat sunning themselves for hours together on its gentle slope, descending to be fed when whistled for ; a colony of glossy black starlings were as much at home in the building as Mr. Gerard himself ; and old familiar friends of swallows winged their way year after year from warmer climes to rear their young broods in the long line of mud nests which they had made or inherited under the eaves. There was an air of ample leisure and enduring peace about the rectory, and neither man nor beast nor bird met aught but lovingkindness there. A clump of fine old sycamores sheltered the house on the windward side, and in front was a large undulating lawn with well-kept winding paths and trim borders and flower-beds. Behind the house was the kitchen-garden, and Mr. Gerard always said that it was much the prettier garden of the two. There was no denying that this was quite an open question, especially in summer time. The kitchen-garden was encompassed by a venerable stone wall, covered with moss and forget-me-nots, snapdragons, ferns, and anything and everything that chose to accept the bountiful accommodation it offered, and vegetables and flowers were freely mixed in the beds. In summer you might see a hedge of tall peas in all the pride of vividly tender green, forming a background to a brilliant hedge of dwarf crimson roses, double and single. Jessamine and clematis were trained against the walls quite as frequently as fruit trees ; beds of sweet-williams peeped out behind patches of potatoes ; monkshood and larkspur alternated with gooseberry bushes, and the whole air was scented with the perfume of old-fashioned cabbage and blush roses, which flourished in every corner. Here, morning and evening, Mr. Gerard walked,

letting his eyes dwell caressingly on the loveliness enclosed within those walls, and thanking God for lending it to him while his life lasted. The birds knew him well and his time of coming out. Though he would never allow his fruit to be netted, he always took out a bit of bread, and if he delayed to give it, little heads were bent askew, and bright little eyes were fixed inquiringly on him to know when the time for crumbs was coming. Never did he fail to go out for an hour or more when the weather was fine, and never did he return to the house without some new sensation of delight. But after he returned from London the weather was unusually fine, and yet he did not seem to go out as he had done heretofore, neither did he seem capable of feeling sensations of delight, and Mrs. Gerard, who had never seen him so indifferent to the pleasures of the eye before, began to feel uneasy.

'Brampton, my love, I am sure you are worried about something,' she said very anxiously, for not only was he again in the house at a time when he always sought pleasure and mental refreshment outside, but she had been watching him for a long time, and to her great concern had seen his mild blue eyes fixed on the floor, though by raising them he could have enjoyed the sight of a sky so fine that the like of it might not appear again for years. She could not enjoy it either, her husband's face and unwonted behaviour disturbed her so.

He started slightly and answered: 'No, dear, not worried exactly—thoughtful.'

She was silent. He did not seem inclined to tell her more. She did not ask. She was sure that he would tell her everything if he were able. She wished it had been otherwise. Never before had she known him have any little trouble that he was not able to impart to her. Brampton had been worried—no, thoughtful—ever since his return from London. He showed it in a thousand little ways which no one would have observed but herself.

'Ought not the letters to have been here before this?' he inquired.

This was an additional proof. Before he went to London he never cared whether the post arrived late or early. Why should he, when he knew so well that everything essential to his happiness was already within his walls?

'Oh, here is the postman!' he exclaimed, and went out to meet him. How strange it was to see him hurrying down the garden, without bestowing so much as one glance at the best and brightest border in it, though it was filled with flowers in all the

tender beauty of first expansion, and without knowing that an aged old dog was struggling to keep up with him and pining for a word of affection. He almost clutched at a letter which the man was about to hand over to him in the leisurely country fashion; but it was evidently not that which he wanted, and his face showed signs of disappointment. Stay, there was another—the postman had found another. Mr. Gerard walked quickly away down one of the garden paths, reading it as he went, and looking more and more perplexed.

He was perplexed, but still more disappointed. Even this second letter was not the one he was longing to see. In spite of all that he himself had seen and heard, he had, ever since his return home, been hoping, as it seemed, almost against hope, that Juliet would have some good explanation to offer, and would lose no time in writing to give it. Daily he had looked for this letter of explanation, or if explanation were impossible, for one that would give him the comfort of knowing that she had, as soon as she was alone with her aunt, confessed the truth, and had thus set herself straight again, as any honest-minded and truthful girl would. She did not seem to have done this, and unless she did it soon, and did it thoroughly, he should never think well of her again. Her silence suggested everything that was painful and unpleasant, and seemed to confirm the justice of all Mrs. Caradoc's worst suspicions and accusations. He would wait a few days longer, and then write and tell Juliet that he was perfectly aware of all, and should have no respect for her until she told the truth and gave up seeing that man Congreve altogether.

What a great deal of ground a man can traverse when his mind is not at rest! and all the while his wife was watching this particular man from afar, and wondering why he did not come in, and why he was pacing about alone. Under any other circumstances she would have joined him in the garden, and they would have read the letter together. Few were the letters that came to Limberthwaite Rectory, and none had ever been unshared by husband and wife before. She did not mean to ask to see this—she would not even name it, unless he spoke of it himself. Now he was standing still again, and looking as if he had discovered some fresh cause for anxiety.

She was right. There was much more in that letter to disquiet him than at first sight appeared. It contained a hint of a danger that touched him very closely, and might ruin his professional life, and force him and his wife away from the home in

which they had lived for so many years that it seemed to have become part of themselves.

It was a letter from Mrs. Caradoc announcing her niece's engagement to Sir Gregory Jervaulx. That did not disquiet Mr. Gerard. Not for a moment did he suppose that, even to pacify her aunt, Juliet had given a pretended consent to this engagement. Being married already, that, of course, was out of the question; but it was easy to see that Mrs. Caradoc's heart was set on the union, and that, in order to convince her of its impossibility, Juliet would have to own that she was the wife of another man. She would then, as a punishment for her duplicity, be turned out of her aunt's house in disgrace, and all would become known to the public at large. The newspapers would, doubtless, get hold of the story and make capital of it; his share in the transaction would probably be reported to his bishop, and who could say what might not ensue? He might even have to resign his living! When he thought of this he felt half choked with a lump in his throat, and the dancing yellow tulips of his garden were seen through a mist of tears. But he manned himself, and remembered that even that must be borne patiently, for it was to be borne for his friend's sake. And yet to leave this paradise would be hard—and in disgrace too! At last he returned to the house and said: 'My dear, I have had a letter from Mrs. Caradoc.'

'No bad news in it, I hope?'

'She is ill, or has been ill, I am not sure which, but she says that her niece is going to marry Sir Gregory Jervaulx,' he replied disconsolately.

'You say that just as if it were something very bad! You always used to be so pleased to hear of a marriage!'

He was silent for a minute or so, partly because with all his heart he was wishing he had not been so ready to help his dear young friend to a worthless untruthful wife, and partly because he was wondering what to say.

'Do you know anything against Sir Gregory?' she asked.

'Nothing, but that he is no longer young.'

'If she loves him, dear, that's of no consequence. Anyhow, she is the one to be thoughtful about it, not you.'

He sighed.

'You don't like this?'

'I don't—I can't explain why—but I don't. The old woman is trying to force her into it, I suppose.' Then he said abruptly: 'Phœbe, I shall have to go to London to-morrow morning.'

'To London!' The idea was startling to Mrs. Gerard. Go to London twice in one year! She had never imagined that her husband could propose such a thing. 'You can't mean it!' she said almost piteously.

'It is so necessary, dear—so important, in every respect.'

'Is it connected with Miss Caradoc's marriage?'

'It is, but not in the way you think. How I wish I could tell you all about it! Trust me, dear; you would think it quite right for me to go if you did but know.'

'I am sure of that,' she answered generously. 'Brampton, you need never try to set yourself right with me—you are right, for ever and ever. I trust you entirely, whatever you do. And now having affirmed that, I may be permitted to laugh a little, and say that this is very funny! Surely Miss Juliet Caradoc can be engaged without your having to go to London about it? You have taken some very odd fancy into your poor dear head, I can see. I do believe you think her a highly desirable young lady, and want to keep her single till your beloved Godfrey Aylesbury comes back to England!'

Mr. Gerard winced, for, alas! he did not think her a highly desirable young lady. Would to God his dear Godfrey Aylesbury had never seen her!

'Brampton, you are not very liberal in the matter of answers. Why need the news of Miss Caradoc's engagement oblige you to go to London? Is it because you are interested in the girl?'

'It isn't!—it doesn't! I am not—at least I am. Oh! Phœbe, don't want to have things explained, or ask me to give answers when I am not free to speak as I ought. When I am able to tell you everything, you will quite understand why I want to go. Would you like to read Mrs. Caradoc's letter?'

'You are sure you don't mind showing it?'

She was so afraid that he was feeling obliged to make this concession.

'I don't mind at all. If I did, I would not show it, and would trust to you to make allowances for me.'

'My dear kind friend,' wrote Mrs. Caradoc, 'I take an early opportunity to inform you by the pen of my maid Clements that all is right. Sir Gregory has been here, and Juliet has seen him, and does not seem inclined to make any difficulty about marrying him, so that a benignant and happy future seems to lie before her. He is not young, but the advantages of his position must be set against that drawback. Nothing is made public yet, and nothing

finally settled, but the parties understand each other, and Juliet says she is very happy. By-the-bye, we must never breathe a hint of that Congreve business, for she has behaved extremely well since you spoke to her, and has seen nothing of him since we came to this house. I have been, and am still, very ill, but improve a little each day. Everything is now waiting till I get out of my room again and am able to speak to Sir Gregory myself, but I do not like to delay writing, because I want you to officiate at Juliet's wedding. You must not refuse this. You must feel yourself that it would scarcely be right now for Juliet to be married and you not have a hand in it. Farewell, dear friend. I am sure you will be pleased to hear our good news.'

'And you are not pleased, dear?' said Mrs. Gerard.

'No, I am not.'

'And you don't wish to tell me why?'

'I don't wish to tell you why now, but I hope to do so soon.'

'I will wait till then. But you won't go to London?'

'Yes, I will, to-morrow morning. Only for a day,' he added, for he saw how much his wife disliked the idea.

'Brampton, you can't tell me all about this, I know, and I don't want you to do so till you think it right to confide in me, but you may as well tell me as much as you can, and let me try to help you. Men are so stupid about managing things that seem intricate. Put me in possession of as much as you can, and you will see that I will save you the trouble of this journey. You had much better do so. I will ask questions, and you need only answer those you don't object to answering. You have already told me that you want to go to London to see Miss Caradoc. Why do you want to see her?'

He shook his head—that was a question which he did not wish to answer. Then he was ashamed not to give an answer of some kind, and said half reluctantly: 'I have something to say to her.'

'Can't you write?'

'No, because when Mrs. Caradoc sees letters from anyone she knows she will read them, and I don't want her to read mine.'

'There! Didn't I say that it would be a good thing to tell me as much about this as you could? I see a way to help you which you would never have discovered for yourself. If Mrs. Caradoc is confined to her room, you can write to her niece and say whatever you like. There is no fear of Mrs. Caradoc seeing your letter if she is in bed—it won't be carried to her—so go and write to Miss Caradoc, and say all that you have to say.'

'How clever you are!' exclaimed Mr. Gerard; 'I should never have thought of that.'

'I dare say not—men are so stupid about things of that kind.'

'But I see a difficulty.'

'Of course you do. Men are very clever about seeing difficulties.'

'Yes, but it is a great one. Mrs. Caradoc was ill when she wrote and confined to her room, and she may be ill to-day too, but to-morrow she may be well again and downstairs; and see my letter, or she may ask Miss Juliet if she has heard from me, and what I wrote about.'

'That's true, and it wouldn't do at all, for if she did, the poor girl would have to tell the truth whether she liked it or not; she couldn't tell a lie.'

Again Mr. Gerard winced. From what he knew of Juliet, he was almost afraid she could.

'I will tell you what you can do—telegraph. Telegraph to Miss Caradoc, and say: "I have received your aunt's letter with the good news of your engagement, and want you to write to me at once."'

'I can't say that.'

'But why not? How odd of you not to be able to say that! Then say: "Have had news from your aunt, which pleases me——"'

'"Pleases!" he interrupted in spite of himself; 'certainly not pleases.'

'"Which distresses me much."'

'No, not distresses, for I don't believe it's true.'

'"Have had news from your aunt, which puzzles me much: will you explain?"' suggested the lady.

'"Puzzles" is an odd word, but it best expresses what I feel.'

'Then you are content with that?'

He sighed disconsolately and replied: 'Yes; but what I really want is to ask how I can write to her so that my letter may not become common property.'

'Then do ask her. Say: "How can I write to you?"'

That message was sent, and again he wandered about the garden, too impatient for the reply to sit still. Sometimes he paced the walks, sometimes he stood still for a minute to clench an argument or carry on a long muttered imaginary conversation with the girl who was causing him such trouble—a conversation in which he put before her, with all the strength and earnestness

of his single-minded and honest nature, his abhorrence of the treachery and meanness of her conduct. The old gardener, a Rydal man born and bred, watched him and wondered what ailed him.

'Deed and I think we mun ha' gotten that great fule Wordsworth back again among us,' said he to his assistant. 'That's just the way he used to carry on! Many's the time as I've seed and heerd him booing about i' the roads and fields at Rydal, and talking to hisself for all the world like Mr. Gerard there, but Wordsworth was throng on making potry, and dear knows what poor master's a-making—nothing sensible, I'll be bound!'

It seemed long before Juliet's answering telegram came. It ran as follows: 'No truth, of course, in what you have heard. Am writing to you to-day.'

'There, dear Brampton,' said his wife triumphantly, 'didn't I tell you that I would save you the journey?'

Next morning came Juliet's letter. 'My dear friend,' she wrote, 'I was just going to begin a letter to you when your telegram came. My reason for writing was this: Clements came to me an hour or two ago, and told me that she had the day before, at my aunt's request and dictation, written to tell you that I was engaged to Sir Gregory Jervaulx. Of course you would at once know that there could be no truth in that, but the letter must have made you wonder how such a thing could be said, and that I will explain. My aunt wishes me to be engaged to Sir Gregory, and during her late severe illness I have been obliged to let her believe that she was going to get her way—it would have been too dangerous to her health to contradict her, for she flies into a passion sometimes when she is contradicted, and her passions are very dangerous. Clements insisted on my letting her think what she chose, and I did, but Clements ought to have told me that she had written to you yesterday, so that I could have written too. I trusted, however, to your understanding me better than you seem to do. How could my aunt's letter puzzle you? Do you not know exactly what I think and feel, and whom I love? You say that you want to know how you can write to me—I suppose you mean privately—and indeed I am longing to hear many things from you, and want your opinion and guidance on many difficult points; but you must write no letter to me that I cannot show to my aunt, for you are such a favourite with her that she would be certain to ask to see your letter, and resent a refusal to show it. Now that she is ill you could write safely, for, of course, she does

not see what letters come ; but do not trust to this, for she might feel better to-morrow, or any day, and would pounce on your letter as a matter of course. We are coming to Cumberland in the beginning of August, and then I hope I shall be able to see you and ask your advice and sympathy—both things I am much in need of, for the news from India seems to get worse and worse. I enclose an extract from the only letter that G. A. has been able to write to me since he left England. His voyage has been prosperous so far, you will see, and I trust the rest of it will be the same. May God protect him ever !—Yours gratefully and affectionately, JULIET.

‘By-the-bye, when my aunt is well enough to know the truth about Sir Gregory Jervaulx, she will find that it is a very different kind of truth from that which she is expecting. I will tell you so much as this : Sir Gregory cares just as much for me as I for him, and that is, not at all. My aunt is completely mistaken about him. Oh how glad I shall be when the day comes when I shall be freed from all these wearisome schemes and doubts and suspicions. Those who know the truth ought to know that in my world one man alone exists.’

‘*Qui s’excuse s’accuse,*’ exclaimed Mrs. Gerard, to whom he had read some passages of this letter, and being a little confused had not culled them very judiciously. ‘Is your Miss Juliet at all what is called “fast”?’

‘My dear, no,’ he answered, and then his heart misgave him because of that odious Congreve incident, and he humbly added : ‘I sincerely hope not.’

His wife saw his hesitation, and gently put her hand in his. It was a firm kind hand, and its strength and kindness gave him comfort.

‘I am only trying to help this poor girl over a period of difficulty and danger,’ said he ; ‘that’s all.’

‘Be careful, my dear ; these people who want helping over periods of difficulty and danger often seem to be more able to drag their friends down than to let themselves be helped up.’

If his dear Phœbe did but know all !

‘Does she tell you how you can write her a letter that will be seen only by herself?’

‘No ; she says that no letter is safe from her aunt’s inspection—that is, if the old lady is up and about, and she may be downstairs to-morrow morning.’

‘That’s a pity—a great pity ; but it cuts both ways. A girl

who can't receive a private letter from one person can't receive one from another, and if, as I seem to gather, your Miss Juliet is a little fast, it is a great safeguard. You see she can correspond with no one !'

'That's true !' said he.

But it was not true. In another moment it occurred to him how false it was. She corresponded with Aylesbury unknown to her aunt. In the very letter which he had just read she informed him that she could receive letters from no one, and at the same time told him of one which she had received from her husband. It was monstrous !

'What are you doing, my dear ?' inquired Mrs. Gerard, for she observed that he was making an uneasy movement with his hands.

'I am washing my hands of that girl !' he exclaimed. 'With all my heart I wish she had never crossed my sight !'

Washing his hands of that girl was a gratification, but a very temporary one, since, for better or for worse, she was under his care now, and it was his duty to look after her.

CHAPTER IX.

NORTH-EASTERN 'CONSULS.'

Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit
Or, what is worse, be left by it ?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
Oh man ! ordained to die? COWLEY.

MRS. CARADOC was beginning to recover, and Juliet had already made up her mind that the time had come when she ought to be informed of the true state of Sir Gregory's feelings, when he called himself to invoke the young lady's aid. She was not in the drawing-room when he arrived, and when she joined him there he was walking about from one part of the room to another ; but whether his poor heart was racked with anxiety about the health of the woman he loved, or whether he was dwelling with pleasure on the manifold signs of unbounded wealth that were to be seen on all sides, Juliet could not determine. Mrs. Caradoc was a person who had a very strong feeling for the grandiose in all furniture. Huge inlaid cabinets, which she had brought from Manchester, towered aloft, thickly charged with gilding and adornment, and filled with massive specimens of china of un-

doubted marketable value. She was not the woman to content herself with cut flowers on tables and jardinières, and balconies glowing with perennial blossom. She had these things, it is true, but she had much more, and could walk from one room to another through groves of subtropicals; banks of flowers hid the dado when any dado was uncovered by furniture, and the now empty grate and mantelpiece were dressed up with flowers and moss as if for a ball; but no one who saw this last-named bit of decoration could have formed any conception of the first, and sometimes the last, thoughts of the wealthy mistress of the house when she looked at it. It was this, and it affords a glimpse into the recesses of her being. 'Ah, well,' she always mentally said to herself, 'it saves coals; there's many a day one might be tempted to have a fire if those flowers were not there, and coals are so dear in London that it is simply frightful!' Amid all her splendours she clutched with iron grasp at every chance of effecting a small economy.

'Ah, my dear young lady,' said Sir Gregory, coming briskly forward to meet Juliet, and taking her hand in both his with semi-paternal effusion, 'your dear aunt is out of her room, I hear, and I want you to be so very kind as to go to her and do your best to prevail on her to see me. I have waited so long to ask this—the time has seemed so long—do ask her to let me see her now.'

'She won't be able to come down quite yet,' said Juliet, who had been with Mrs. Caradoc half an hour before, and knew that she was not dressed so as to receive visitors.

'You are not taking against me?' he exclaimed suspiciously. 'You will be my friend—you will try to persuade her to see me?'

'I will—I really will.'

'Then do go and ask her to let me go to her—I can't bear this suspense much longer.' He looked so anxious, and so much in earnest, that Juliet felt she must lose no time in conveying his request. Half amused with his manner, half angry with this intrusion of age into what she chose to regard as the domain and heritage of youth, she tripped lightly upstairs to do his bidding. She knew that her errand was a vain one; how could he be so foolish as to suppose for a moment that an old woman like her aunt could entertain the idea of marriage either with him or with anyone? Mrs. Caradoc was in a comfortable sitting-room that opened out of her bedroom. There she had caused a fire to be lit, and was now sitting by a table strewn with counterfoils of dividend warrants, the amounts of each of which she had noted down, and

was now adding up with a view to discovering how much she would receive next half-year. She was in the middle of a long, ill set down, irregular column of figures when her niece entered.

'Hush, Juliet!' she exclaimed, and held up a warning hand, which was so plump that every knuckle told as a depression instead of a prominence. So Juliet held her peace and watched the old lady's sharp, anxious little eyes as she struggled with her addition sum, and gradually began to breathe quickly and beam with pleasure at the rapidity with which tens turned themselves into hundreds, hundreds into thousands, and thousands into tens of thousands. Juliet could not help wondering if the 'gay young Lutheran' downstairs would admire the lady of his thoughts if he saw her in her present unbecoming undress. Mrs. Caradoc was in her dressing-gown, and it was a rule of her life that dressing-gowns were meant for use, and not for beauty. This was a handsome but very ill-fitting one of some thick woollen material, with bold-looking black and white checks. It would have been quite easy to play a game of chess on her broad back as she bent over her figures—not adding them up now, but gloating over the result. How ill she still looked; her complexion was of the blue grey of boiled sago. Presently she looked up—there was no more information to be got out of those figures, but much lasting joy and food for thought.

'I think you seem better this morning, aunt. I am glad of it,' said Juliet.

'Oh no, I am not. I was a little better an hour ago, but now I think I am much worse—and it is so hard, Juliet, so very hard. I feel so melancholy, so like being ill again. I believe my bronchitis means to come back, and then I shall just have to die.'

'Oh no, it won't. You are out of spirits, or tired, that's all. When once you get about you will feel quite different.'

'I shall never get about again, never! And it is hard, for I do so want to enjoy the pleasure of seeing my next half-year's dividends come in!' And she fixed a despairing eye on Juliet, and then on her much more loved triumphant sum total.

'You will do that, I am sure. You are better, much better. I—'

'I was just calculating my income, Juliet. I want to see what I shall have to spare for drawings if I live. If those North-Eastern Consuls—Mrs. Caradoc always said 'Consuls'—will only take it into their heads to pay a good dividend, it will be a great help.

Have they got the papering done?' She was having a large billiard-room with a skylight turned into a picture gallery.

'Not quite, but it will be done by the time you get downstairs, and it is beginning to look so handsome.'

'And what if I never see it, and there never is a Caradoc Collection?' wailed the poor lady, gazing at the figures she had just made with inexpressible sadness. 'It is trying, Juliet, just when I am so anxious to live, too.'

'My dear aunt, you are ever so much better, you really are. Your bronchitis is quite gone. You are dull—that's what makes you take these fancies. You talk of dying, but you are much more likely to be married. Look what I have brought you. It ought to cure you at once.' And so saying she produced a magnificent bouquet which up to this time she had concealed behind her back. She waved it, and in a moment all the air was sweet. 'Sir Gregory has brought another bouquet, aunt, and it is for you, and he is miserable about your illness, he says, and I am to observe you carefully, and tell him exactly how you look, so do let me have a real good look at you, please do.'

'Oh, do be done with all that foolish jesting, child; I have no spirit for it—none at all. Let me hear whether he has said anything definite to you. Has he offered? Are you engaged? Tell me all about it.'

'Oh, how fast you do go, aunt. If he had offered to me, do you really think that it would have been my duty to accept him?' And then Juliet, prettily dressed in light maize-coloured muslin, pretended to be examining a spot on one of her numerous flounces so as to leave her aunt under the impression that she was not being observed.

'Of course I think so,' replied Mrs. Caradoc unhesitatingly. 'It is a very good chance indeed.'

'But would you have accepted him if you had been me?'

'Yes, I certainly should.'

'Then do accept him, aunt, for it is you whom he loves—you, and not me.' Juliet almost danced as she said this, so happy was she to be rid of him—so delighted at having, as she thought, skilfully entrapped her aunt.

But Mrs. Caradoc, of course, was not entrapped at all, nor even much surprised. That was what astonished Juliet the most—she was actually not particularly surprised.

'Do you wish me to understand that Sir Gregory Jervaulx has fixed his affections on me?' said Mrs. Caradoc after the briefest

of pauses, gazing with undisturbed judicial calmness in Juliet's face.

'I do. He has fixed them firmly on you. He is devoted to you, and you must accept him, and then I shall have a lady of title as an aunt. It will be a very brilliant and distinguished marriage. Those are your own words. You remember them, don't you? You said that at the Freemans, and a minute or two ago you said that you would accept him.'

'I said I would have accepted him if I had been you; but I am not you. I, Juliet, I who am entirely independent and extremely comfortable in every way, am a very different person from you, who are not independent at all. If you want to be anything or anybody you must marry well. There is not the slightest need for me to do that. I begin to think that you are so foolish as to imagine that offers of marriage are novelties to me, and that this is perhaps the first that I have had since I buried your uncle. I can only say that you are very much mistaken. There has never been a single year that I can remember, since I put off the heaviest of my mourning wear, that I have not had from two to three. I don't say that they were all brilliantly good offers, but they were offers, and I had them, so you see I am by no means so neglected as you seem to imagine.' Then she fell a-thinking, and did not speak for some time, yet she did not seem to be looking at her dividend papers.

'Ought I not to go back to Sir Gregory? He will be wondering why I am so long,' said Juliet timidly. She was very much taken aback by the completeness with which her aunt had contrived to turn the tables on her.

'Oh yes, you can go back. I think, indeed, you had better,' the old lady replied with much indifference.

'But you have not told me what I am to say to him.'

'Tell him that I almost think that I have got the turn—my cough seems much better to-day.'

Juliet shook her pretty head. 'He won't be satisfied with that. He will be delighted to hear that you are better, of course, but he wants to see——'

'Oh, of course you must thank him for his flowers.'

'Yes, but he particularly wants to see you.'

'Impossible!'

'And I was to try to find out if there was any hope for him.'

'Say that you were quite unable to do it.'

'Oh, but, poor man, you ought to tell him. You would not

be so unkind if you saw him. Do set his mind at rest. Give him a decided answer of some sort.'

'Why on earth should I? Such important things are not to be decided in a moment. I shall have to think a great deal, and may not be done thinking for two months.'

'Will not that be rather hard on him?'

Mrs. Caradoc shrugged her ample shoulders. 'It can't be helped—I must know for certain whether he really loves me or not, and when I have got to know that I shall have to begin to think what I myself wish, and if I can overlook the fact of my being quite ten years older than he is, and many other things.'

Juliet shrugged her shoulders a little; this question seemed inclined to drag its slow length along for an indefinite period of weeks and months.

'You need not take upon yourself to shrug your shoulders at me,' observed Mrs. Caradoc. 'Girls may accept young men out of hand at a moment's notice, but you can't possibly expect a woman of my age to be such a fool; besides, I am the guardian of a great deal of good property—I am an important person. It would not be right to decide quickly. Go and tell Sir Gregory that I must have time to think, and plenty of it, and that I won't have him coming here to see me, and hanging about and looking impatient while I am making up my mind—he must keep away. Time is what I want, and what I intend to have. I may accept him or I may not, but I insist on having time.'

'Aunt!' exclaimed Juliet.

'What?'

'I was just thinking that if you have three offers or so every year, and treat everyone in the same way, there must at this present time be two or three besides Sir Gregory waiting in fear and trembling for your answer.'

'And pray why not? Am I not worth waiting for? I hope I have more self-respect than to rush into matrimony as soon as I am asked; but there is only one gentleman at present who has any hopes.'

'And I have not the least idea who it is,' said Juliet.

'That's because I don't let them hang about here, worrying me with their anxious looks.'

'It is hard on poor Sir Gregory,' said Juliet, returning to the charge.

'My dear, Sir Gregory will take no harm,' replied Mrs. Caradoc with a sudden flash of her customary shrewdness. 'And

for the matter of that, I do not see why I need trouble myself about his feelings at all—it is my own that concern me. I do wish that things that tempt one were tempting all round. It would be pleasant enough to be called Lady Jervaulx. I should enjoy that; but to have to owe it to——’

‘A baronet of the good old Norman line,’ quoted Juliet maliciously. ‘It is really a great triumph for you, aunt, that a real baronet should seem to have begun to be willing to come forward to offer his hand to you.’

‘What’s his hand to me, child?’ exclaimed Mrs. Caradoc disdainfully. ‘He is not the first baronet who has done that. I have had plenty of hands of all sorts offered to me. Come, Juliet, there is a great deal of spite about you, or you wouldn’t keep quoting my kind and thoughtful words like that. I suppose you are vexed because it turns out that I am the one he cares for, and that’s why you fling my own speeches at me.’

‘No, aunt, it is not that,’ Juliet answered penitently. ‘Forgive me. I ought not to have done it, I know. It’s only because I am so pleased that he does not love me. You see, I really am too young for him, and I was so afraid you would be vexed if I refused him. I must have refused him, and then you would have been so angry.’

‘Then you are not disappointed?’

‘No, not in the least. I am very happy.’

‘And you could see me marry him without a pang?’

‘I don’t quite want you to do that,’ said Juliet truthfully; but then she added: ‘Without a pang on my own account; indeed, I should be as pleased as you, if it made you happy.’

‘My dear Juliet,’ Mrs. Caradoc began incredulously, but she began to cough too. ‘There,’ she said, as soon as she was able, ‘you are bringing my bronchitis back! Go away. Thank Sir Gregory for his bouquet, and if he asks you any troublesome questions, say that you have no idea of the state of my feelings—that I am too ill to have any; say what you like. Go away now, or I shall be as ill as before.’

‘And she actually expects me to believe that!’ said Mrs. Caradoc to herself. ‘She is bitterly disappointed at such a very advantageous match as that having placed its affections on me instead of on her; but she tries to take it cheerfully, to keep up her own dignity and deceive me. She does not take me in at all—no one ever does that!’ Mrs. Caradoc was right; no one ever deceived her, except herself. Her own petty cunning, which was

for ever lying in wait to espy kindred cunning in others, blinded her to the truth on almost every subject. If people asked her to stay, they wanted her to go; if they seemed pleased about anything, it was but to hide the chagrin it caused them. 'Jervaulx! Jervaulx!' she muttered, after she had composed herself a little, 'Jervaulx is a very pretty name. It's not prettier, however, than my own, now that I have improved it so much. But then, "Lady Jervaulx!"' She took a pen and began to write: "Lady Jervaulx presents her compliments;" "Sir Gregory and Lady Jervaulx request the pleasure;" "Yours very truly, Katherine Jervaulx," or perhaps it might be "Katherine Slingsby-Caradoc Jervaulx;" Either the one or the other looks remarkably well; there is no denying that; but why should I accept him or anyone else, just as I have come to live in London, and might have many a better offer than this of his? Besides, I am not at all sure that I don't prefer to keep single.' And then she returned to her column of figures, and to counting up how much she would have to spend on drawings next half-year if that stock to which she was pleased to impart an air of humanity—her dear and, as she thought, erring North-Eastern 'Consuls'—should decide to reform and pay a really good dividend. It was a large sum, and she gloated over it; but, after all, she had a good deal in hand which might just as well be spent now, for drawings she must have. She took her pen quickly, therefore, and gave a large order to Mr. Hastings.

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

IN March the angler, of course, begins to think of March browns and perhaps hazards his existence in the half-frozen streams. It is wiser to keep the ingle, and read old fishing books, whereof two, by the courtesy of the Editor, lie before me. As usual, they are rather odd than useful, and show, in places, that the wisdom of the ancients, beginning with Dame Juliana Berners, has been decanted into new bottles. The author of *The Gentleman Angler* seems to have a spite against Walton for his delightful discursiveness. The title-page of this volume would occupy a whole page of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE. The author has put all his goods in the shop-window. He describes himself as 'A Gentleman who has made Angling his diversion for upwards of twenty-eight years.' This is the third edition, printed for C. Hitch, at the Red Lion, in Paternoster Row, but no date is given. However, from the advertisements of Mr. Hitch's books we learn that this one is contemporary with 'The Secret Histories, Novels, and Poems of Mrs. Eliza Haywood,' concerning whom see 'What Ann Lang Read,' in Mr. Gosse's 'Gossip in a Library.' Moreover it is subsequent to *Manon Lescaut*, for a translation of Prévost's masterpiece is advertised; the date, therefore, must be about 1750. *Manon* is here called 'The History of Chevalier de Grieu and Moll Lescaut, an Extravagant Love Adventure.' It is hard on *Manon* to style her Moll.

However, to our Gentleman, who 'without vanity may affirm that the following Treatise about Angling is the most perfect and compleat of any that have hitherto appeared in print.' Other books 'recite what was the opinion of the Ancients concerning fish,' a hit at Izaak Walton. Other books, too, treat of nets, night-lines, 'and other Nefarious and clandestine Methods, but this is downright Poaching, which has nothing to do with Angling.' 'Most Anglers usually take a pleasure in deluding

young Beginners,' but our Gentleman 'is so far from *Repining*, that it gives me *much satisfaction* when it falls to the lot of another to hook a large fish.' The angler needs the following qualifications:—

'PATIENCE,
DILIGENCE,
RESOLUTION.'

Even in these early days he needed patience. If he goes to Loch Tummel he will find excellent opportunities of practising this virtue. Marcus Aurelius, on certain occasions, would lose his temper with these big capricious trout, which are so goodly and so astonishingly shy. Directions follow for making rods, with hazel twigs for tops; nothing at all is said by this very uninstrutive Gentleman on the wood for butts. He has reached the idea of rings and a reel, though, for salmon, he recommends a line only twice the length of the rod. He still believes in the old Jury of Flies, a dozen of them, which descended from Dame Juliana. If but three or four inches of line fall on the water, it is fatal, says he, whence one guesses that he is a mere daper, and not a fly-fisher at all. Advertisements had begun, and he recommends the flies of a Mr. Jemmit, 'a nice and compleat artist.' 'If the wind be in the East quarter, angling is stark naught,' and it always *is* in the East quarter when any busy person has a holiday. A universal bait he was sure to recommend, and he does. Oil of comfry, goose grease, juice of camomile, oil of spike, and spirit of vitriol are the ingredients, an improvement on the fat of a black cat and a paste of dead men's bones, such as older authorities recommend. Potted shrimp he thinks well of as a bait. His instructions for making an artificial minnow of cloth are borrowed from Walton; he also mentions metal minnows, like the Angel, 'but they are dear.' From Walton, surely, comes the foolish statement that salmon spawn in February and March. Salmon flies are briefly treated of, as 'more gaudy, with some gold or silver twist round the body.' The Gentleman thinks trout rise to fly out of wantonness rather than hunger, which shows how very little he knows of the matter. He speaks of angling for parr as if it were a commendable sport. For 'Salmon Peale' he prefers to fish with a brandling worm. 'Trout feed best at bottom' through the spring months till June; an erroneous statement, surely. He is acquainted with the credulity of the grayling, which he fishes for mainly with worm.

He knows of but one place, near town, where a man may fish from shore, 'which is under the wall that fronts Fishmongers' Hall, near London Bridge,' where, after all, you only catch bleek. But from a boat a man might have sport all down the Embankment that now is. At Windsor fishing was very strictly preserved, a fine of 5*l.* for a single roach in another's water. Hackney River then held store of coarse fish, but Hounslow River was 'abused by Poachers.' The Uxbridge River was very sternly preserved, so was the Wandle at Carshalton.

*But you who would be honest,
And to Old Age attain,
Forsake the City and the Town,
And fill the Angler's Train.*

The last piece of advice is prophetic. There is an appendix on Sea-fishing, dated 1736.

The Compleat Fisherman is of 1724. It frankly avers that it is 'collected from the best Authors, and from the Long Experience of James Saunders, Esq., of Newton Awbery, upon the River Trent.' It is intended 'for the direction of speculative gentlemen.' The author prates of lobster-fishing and oyster-catching, and gives a barren list of rivers. The 'grailing,' he declares, is peculiar to the Dove, in Derbyshire. I wish he was. A melancholy man, he says, is not fit to be an angler, and 'tis very true. 'He that angles must have all his passions at command; he must govern his temper with an absolute sway, and be able to sustain his mind under the greatest disappointments.' The sorrows of Job, he remarks, are trifles compared to the loss of 'a charming trout.' He expects the angler thereupon 'to swear a hundred oaths;' but this is not the kind of thing that makes a man forget himself. A wire fence behind his cast is really more provoking. Our author tells a very long tale of a man who, having hooked a pike of twenty-two inches, had that pike seized by a very much greater pike, which, after running out all his line, got away. The second pike must verily have been a great one. Even large trout often attack a smaller trout in distress. Two or three years since, on the Test, an angler making a cast at a two-pound trout hooked a small one. He tried to bring it quietly in, but the larger trout seized it and was landed. The Swiss, it appears, had in 1724 the reputation of being the greatest artists in trout-fishing. They and the Northern Italians were already using gut in 1724, which our author describes as a marvel. The famous flies which Scott

was looking for when he found his lost manuscript of Waverley were dressed on hair, in 1814. Our author 'has seen an imitation of these worm gut-lines in England, and indifferent strong too.' This, I think, is the earliest mention of gut in English fishing literature. Grayling are only known by repute to our author, who quotes Cotton as 'the most laborious trout-catcher, if not the most experienced Angler, both for trout and grayling, that ever England had.' Our author avers that trout never take between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, an astonishing fable. Of fly-fishing, he merely says that it is 'much talked of,' and he manifestly knows nothing about it. He has all sorts of queer poaching tricks, and is not much of a sportsman. Of salmon he tells us that it sells for three shillings a pound in London, or even four shillings. 'He does not run away with the line as a pike or a trout does.' I have very little doubt that of all the old writers only Richard Franck had any practical knowledge of salmon-fishing. 'Tis very rare that the salmon is fished for with a fly,' says this blind leader. 'He is so easily taken with a net,' that it is hardly worth while to angle for him. The book ends with a chapter perhaps by another hand, and a long list of flies, 'if the Angler is curious enough to vex himself with a throng of them.' Our ancestors, when they were really good anglers, appear to have kept their lore to themselves. Perhaps they did wisely; angling books have doubtless helped to make anglers more common than trout. The writers of these two old books were probably mere hacks and compilers, ignorant of their subject, and not careful even to study Charles Cotton, who knew what he was talking about.

* * *

The two following Tahitian legends are from the pen of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who, in Samoa, has been enslaved by the fairy of Folk-lore.

TWO TAHITIAN LEGENDS.

I. *Of the making of Pai's Spear.*

When the mother of Pai was carrying him, she had a longing to eat the root *uhi*, and she told her husband. Now, the root grew wild in the forest in the vale of waters; so the husband went there and began to dig in the morning of the day, and supposed himself to be alone in all the valley. But there dwelt in the forest two weird women, and they marked him out for

death, and peeped and wove spells. The more the husband dug, still, by the cantrips of the women, the root *uhi* sank the deeper. All the first part of the day he laboured there, hollowing out the earth and throwing it over his head, for he was mighty of strength; and when it came to be noon, he had dug so deep that he lifted up his eyes and saw the stars. Then the weird women came to the edge of the pit, and stoned him, and filled up the pit with stones.

Now Pai grew up, and he would ask the other children, 'Are you like me? Have you only a mother?' And they would say, 'What nonsense! We have a mother and a father both.' At last he went to his mother. 'Why have I no father?' said he. And she told him. 'While I was still carrying you, I had a longing to eat the root *uhi*, and he went into the vale of waters, and was slain there by weird women.' The child brooded upon this, and his heart grew great for vengeance. So he came to his mother again, and said, 'Where shall I get me a spear, and from what wood?' And she said, 'There is a tree growing in the vale of waters, and it is of that wood that you shall make your spear. Go into the valley and you shall know the tree, for it is the greatest in the forest.' So he went into the valley, and supposed himself all alone, and there was the tree growing; and he took hold of it, for he was mighty of strength, and sought to pluck it out. But this was the tree of the weird women, and they held by the roots; and the harder Pai pulled, the harder they drew back. So they strained, the two against the one, and the tree cried with the straining. But Pai was the more strong, and the tree came up, and behold! the two weird women were clinging in the roots. Pai slew them, and tied them up like fish, and dried them in the sun; and he took the tree and made of that the shaft of a spear, and he dug up a bone of his father, and made of that the point. And he cast the spear for a trial, and it pierced a hill at the head of the valley; and he fetched it and cast it again, and it flew over the main island, and fell in the district of Punavia; and he followed it and cast it the third time, and it flew over the straits and pierced a mountain in Moorea, and glanced beyond and fell and quivered in the isle of Reiatea.

The spear-holes in the mountains are still visible. The vale of waters—*Vaitapiha*—more literally (as I was told) *chamber of waters*—is one of the loveliest ravines on earth, close beset with strange mountains, filled full of forest and the sound of rivers and

the wind. The tale, which is here given without embellishment, was told me by Ariie, chief of Tautira, in the birthplace of Pai—or Paitoa, as my author called him. But the abbreviation is more general.

II. *Honoura and the Weird Women.*

Honoura was born near Tautira, and was of so huge a size, foul an appearance, and gluttonous an appetite, that his parents and his brothers hated him. One day he was fishing for crayfish in the water of Vaitapiha, in a place which is still shown, when his brothers came above him in the sides of the valley and loosened a rock and rolled it down upon his head. Honoura caught it with his hand and sat upon it, and went on fishing. Then they loosened another and rolled it down; and he caught it with his hand and sat upon that also, and went on with his fishing. And his brothers were ashamed and went away. But the parents at last drove Honoura forth; and he crossed the backbone of Taiarapu, and found a cave and lived there like a dog until he had his growth. It is told he was so strong and greedy that he could bend a fruit tree to the earth and strip it of fruit before he let it rise again.

When he was grown he wandered the country as an *aito* or champion, and took sides in quarrels, and was ever victorious. The fame of the youth came thus to the ears of Teriitere, head chief of the eight Tevas, and he called Honoura to Papara to be one of his braves; and this was the place where the great feat was done. The river Taru, which the traveller must now ford, to his sorrow, was at that time dammed up by devils, and lay in a pool, and two witches dwelt upon the bank, to be the wardens of the spell. It appears this spell could only be broken, and the river loosed, by a man diving from the mountain. Many *aitos* had tried the adventure and all perished; but now it was the turn of Honoura. He went up by the house of the witches and viewed the mountain, and there were three resting-places on the way. So he climbed to the first resting-place and plucked an *aute* with its scarlet flowers, and turned and cried out: 'Two witches of the river Taru! take up your beds and go higher; for I am going to dive, and the river will break over your house.' Said the first witch to the second, when they sat in their house, 'Here is another *aito*; perhaps we had better be careful.' Said the second: 'Wait a little; we shall burn his bones in our fire like the bones of those that went before him.' Honoura, carrying

the *aute*, went on to the second resting-place and cried again in the same words and with the same result. Then he climbed to the third, which no man had dared to do before, and cried the third time. Then the first witch said: 'Sister, this man has climbed higher than any of the others; he must be the strongest of all; perhaps we had better be careful.' Said the second: 'He will have the larger bones, and our fire will burn the brighter.' They were so speaking when Honoura threw down the *aute* like a dart, so that the water splashed to the threshold of the witches' door. At this the first witch lost heart altogether, and ran forth out of the house, crying, 'Honoura, come down, do not jump!' But already he had leaped; already she could see him cleave the air; and the next moment he struck the surface of the pool, and the dam was burst by the shock, and the river poured forth and carried away with it the house and the two witches. Now when Honoura came to the surface and stood in the torrent to which he had given loose, and saw that the witches were gone, he made the one step, and that was a mile long, and you can see the place where he landed to this day; and he made the second, and overtook the crest of the flood, where the broken beams of the house were tossing, and plucked out the two witches and set them safe on the dry land.

The above story is compiled from two versions. The incident of the fishing I learned at Tautira, where people might be supposed to know; but in this Tautira version the adventure of the river Taru was a tissue of undecipherable drivel. At Papara itself I got the edition here slavishly reproduced; I dare not say that it sounds probable, but it is at least coherent. Honoura's footprint is still shown; and traces are to be observed not only of the pool itself but of an artificial ladder up the mountain, steps of rock being let into the face of the precipice, with three well-marked resting-places, the first of which is scarlet to this day with the 'royal flowers' of the *aute*: altogether a work of considerable labour and difficulty, for which it is hard to assign a reason, and which excellently fits the legend, and with which the legend has been adroitly fitted.

The rescue of the two witches is a singular feature in a folk tale. Honoura must have been the first humanitarian. In the Tautira version the champion's name was Fanoura, which I should have preferred; but the orders of my chief are not to be disregarded, and he insists upon the H.

The number two appearing in both these legends, when we of Europe would have looked confidently for the number three, is characteristic of Tahiti. I am tempted to explain it by the convenience of the dual pronoun; but I do not remember to have remarked any similar tendency in the folk-lore of Samoa or Hawaii.

The 'witches' or 'weird women' of these tales seem to be human and alive, and to have no connection with the *aitu-fafine* of Samoa—bush-wandering enchantresses of great beauty, and fatal to beautiful young men.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

* *

Culture in some of the American States is really too devouring in her demands. A contemporary writer has received a letter from a young lady, signing with an endearing diminutive. She informs him that she is about to write a paper on himself for a Ladies' Essay Society, which in itself is flattering. But she goes on to ask him to furnish her with a comic autobiography, 'awfully funny,' a comic song, and a criticism of his own labours in the thorny croft of literature. She encloses, apparently by way of remuneration, a half-dollar in bullion, and a wonderfully hideous coin it is. My friend has not hitherto found leisure to comply with these requests. There is nothing like asking for what you want—but why the half-dollar? It destroys the artless charm of the Columbian maid's petition.

* *

People who tell their dreams are usually tedious, but the following vision, sent by a correspondent, seems to deserve commemoration. I do entreat, however, that readers will not pour in their own nightmares. One is enough for a very long time, and no others will be noticed or returned. My correspondent says:—

'You have narrated some curious dreams in LONGMAN'S lately, and I think one that I dreamt last night may perhaps interest you.

'I dreamt that I was in a very large dining-room, which had dark oak furniture, heavy tapestry curtains over the doors and windows, and the mantelpiece was of fine grey marble. The light of the room was soft, yellowish, and subdued. I did not notice its origin, but it seemed to be from a large lace-shaded lamp. The fire was burning brightly. Besides myself, there were two others

in the room—an actor and a young lady, a *débutante*, and he was congratulating her upon her success that evening in some piece. She was cleansing the leaves of a large aralia from dust, and observed, “Oh! that is nothing to what I can do if I like. You should just see me act being dead,” and straightway she dipped her hands into the basin of water with which she had been washing the leaves. Her hands became covered with a kind of foam, and as she turned them one over another, “frothing them,” I said to myself, lo! there was only a white mist in the place where she had stood. When this cleared away, she had vanished, but upon the further end of the grey marble mantelpiece, at the corner, there hung a dead face. It was like a mask, or plaster-of-Paris cast of a face, only the colour was that of a dead person. The eyes were shut, the expression of the features was stern, but it certainly was the face of the girl. The man turned to me, with a sort of puzzled smile. Immediately the white mist reappeared, and there was the living girl again, frothing her hands, if one could use such an expression, and it is what I used in my dream.

“What made you smile?” she said. “How can you expect me to act dying when you smile? Of course I cannot;” and, still rubbing the foam over her hands, she vanished into mist. The mist cleared, and there once more was her face hanging upon the end of the mantelpiece.

‘This time the eyes were open, and they watched us. I was filled with terror. So was the man, and he turned to the other end of the room, where a kitten was playing with a ball of wool. To avoid those eyes, he began playing with the kitten, but immediately cried out, “She has scratched me,” and I understood that the girl, still invisible, had done it, being vexed that he sought to avoid the horror of the situation. Upon his face there was in truth a long red scratch. In my embarrassment I picked up the ball of wool and threw it to him, but the diabolical thing bounded of its own accord, and I became conscious that it was bounding up high and down again, to the sound of a weird music. I said to myself, “This is nothing to fear—it is only one of the foolish nursery rhymes I so often sing to the children.” But my horror was so great, I was impelled to leave the room, and the man did so at the same time. I don’t know what became of me, but *he* wandered through long corridors, seeking to forget the trouble of those open eyes, and at last we were both back in the dining-room, and looking furtively at the face.

‘And then we saw a change upon it. The eyes were angry,

menacing, disturbed; the features seemed agonised, as if some dreadful effort were being vainly made.

'It was an awful sight. I felt some fearful danger was threatening me if I did not help the creature, and yet I could not. The thought flashed upon me that the girl had a limit of time wherein she could act thus, and that if we could not help her to regain her form, she would really die, and she knew it, and this was her agonised death-struggle. I turned away quite sick with horror, and saw that the man understood the same thing. As we looked at each other, almost beside ourselves with terror, he broke into an angry laugh at his own powerlessness to help. At the same moment, the white mist was before us, and from it emerged the girl, smiling, and frothing her hands.

"Why on earth didn't you laugh before?" she said; "I thought I really *was* going to die that time."

'And I woke. I woke exceedingly wide-awake, and almost suffocated with terror, and the weird music was still ringing in my head. Only it was no nursery rhyme that I sing to my boys. I can't recall it now at all. If I could, perhaps I should make my fortune.'

A. LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after February 9 will be acknowledged in the April number:—

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